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The Knowles

Painters of Pleasant "Bits" of Canada

By
JOHN EDGUMBE STALEY

Editor's Note—The following glimpses of the life and work of two of our most gifted Canadian artists will appeal to all who have a particular feeling for our national art, or who appreciate the beauty of art that reflects the real things of life and paints them as they are. Particularly interesting will this sketch be to those who have had the opportunity of seeing some of the Knowles' pictures, and of chatting to them with the permission of the artists themselves.

beneath an Atlas-load—and so dropped them to it, a prodigious piece of work! The Sagans Mountains struck all that is best and most enlightened in Toronto society; programmes are ever varied and excellent. There are, of course, pictures to admire, and a host of interesting things to do—gorgeous Japa-

an kimonos, old Dutch brasses, Chinese "smiles" and other pots, Tibetan stoves, Indian bows and arrows, Frisian rugs, folk-songs and stories of boats. The custom of tea-time and the social of children invite to comfortable postures, whilst the amiable artist-couple charms everyone with fascinating chatter.

"You know," began Mrs. Knowles, in the pleasantest of Canadian tones, "I am not always an artist, music was insisted to me when a girl, but music was not to be my life-work. People who are my childish drawings and book-work—they were tattoo studios—encouraged me to persevere, and I became a pupil at the old School of Art, where Mr W. Croftsbank, then, as now again, taught black and white. Just then the school staff was being strengthened, and Mr. Knowles became teacher of painting. His style was free and open and sincere, and I became his devoted pupil. We were married in 1897."



The Knowles' studio, Toronto, with Mr. Knowles seated.

Whilst Mrs. Knowles has been interesting her husband, her husband has been holding forth to another group of listeners. "Nothing," he declares, "excites me more than the variations of the atmosphere—the values of shade and light, and the reflections of things. I delight in the open air and the cheerful country-side. You ask me which of my pictures gave me the greatest pleasure in painting. I really cannot answer—'Mount Ararat'—near Beaugard, Quebec"—with the cloud meeting of the sunset, the colored misty background, and the glowing haze in the morning stream, I painted it in 1897. So it hangs over there. One of my pictures at the last Canadian National Exhibition was called 'Evening Glow.' I am rather sorry it is sold for it expresses my art philosophy. My good ship having weathered fustianous gales, is safely moored by the Quebec quay. Her well-worn hull is a painter's looking-glass reflecting the wondrous sun, whilst every bolt and knot is a vivifying mirror. The heavy shadow in the foreground, was caused by the hovering cloth of Wolfe's Cove. The first sketch of this composition I made as long ago as 1883. I delight in painting ships, for I knew well how to build them, and so did the sun."

Further McMillery branches Stewart Knowles was born at Symons, in New York State, May 22, 1869. His father, Mr. William Burdett Knowles, was of English extraction; his mother

an artistic hobby for he delighted in wood carving, which he did very well. Mrs. Knowles was a Scotchwoman. Farquhar's childhood was spent with his sisters—who had artistic tastes—at Elora, near Guelph, Ontario, and he was educated at the Central School there, but finished in the United States. His



"Mt. Ararat, Beaugard" Painted by F. McMillery Knowles.

first art teacher in Toronto was John A. Fraser—in those days named for his work in miniature—landscape after-ward engrossed him. Young Knowles passed on to studiouship at the Philadelphia and New York Schools of Art—the Alma Mater of many a good Canadian painter.

Elizabeth Annie Knowles was born in Ottawa. Her parents are both Canadian born. Her father, Mr. William Golden Hoar, belonged to an old Huntingdonshire family, descended at Oakley Hall. Both her parents had art sentiments; her mother excelled in embroidery. When she was a child she finally moved to Toronto, and born the future A. R. C. A. received her first lessons in drawing.

The year following their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Knowles set off to visit Europe, to see the wider world beyond the bounds of the Dominion. Not as idle globe-trotters went they, but as critics students, to improve their art and learn what artists were doing in other lands. They made for Britain first—the Motherland—and, after using and receiving some of the rich things she has ever in store for her charmed children from across the sea—they settled down quietly at picturesque Bosley. Sir Hubert von Hohenhausen had pitched his teaching camp in that delightful Hertfordshire village, and there the Canadian couple rented a pretty country cottage to serve for home and studio. The master's fame in portraiture and figure-painting, and his versatile prowess, drew them there. From him they gained breadth in composi-



sion, loquacious in drawing, and during coloration.

"After a while, however, a cry sounded over the water—the narrow water of the Straits of Dover—the song of the arctic sea of France:

"Toon les garsiens chanteant,
La sere an cabaret, q'ells chantent
reunus."

Toon les garsiens chanteant!"

Among the "garsiens" who sang this quaint Chateaufort de la Platte, were many mellow Canadian voices. The call was not to be ignored, so in Paris journeyed Paraphar and Elizabeth Knowles, there to share in their life with, and share the studies of, their brethren from the West. Lucky were

they in being able to rent a very beautiful studio-house—thus of the painter Beaufort. Knowles at once modelled himself as a member at the *Salon*, where he was cordially welcomed by many fellow Canadians.

Surrounding the teachers of the day, and their methods he placed himself under the guidance of Constant—the great portraitist and painter of Eastern splendors. Laurence—whose Irish accent was beset with poetry, and Geney—the Gauche and decorative painter with his superb effects and silvery tones. Mrs. Knowles, however, joined no *salon*, as such, no circle, but husband still was her effective teacher, and their Paris voyage was as happy as could be.

Those five years in Europe were not only happy but productive. At many exhibitions of pictures in England and France work of the Knowles'—Bathurst, Knowles, were long. Paris and London, and London, and London, too, were not without, and the stored but forgotten prizes. Paris, in spite of its historical freedom and its stiff conventions and the Knowles became to this of their surroundings. "A night of home—they stayed for the first and fresh air of the Land of the Maple Leaf—and the desire to do something good there filled their souls. Back would they go, and set up a studio house like those they had learned to love so well in France and England. These came more by the rough realities and the rule first came to them were walked on until their feet, once pressed the warm golden sand of Toronto Bay. Should they seek the loveliness of Guelph, or the fashionable side-streets of Ottawa—where to make their home? Neither was in their choice, for they became tenants of an eligible dwelling in historic Yonge Street, Toronto.

Years passed the artist in Ottawa of the artist teachers. Knowles, upon the high reputation he had gained in Europe, and the good opinion of his career in Canada, was named as a member of the Canadian Royal Academy, and further elected vice-president of the Ontario Society of Artists—of which society he had long been a member. His accomplished wife, still her husband's devoted pupil, shared the joys of these days of recognition, and at once took her place among the women painters of Ontario.

A very splendid canvas hangs now in the Knowles studio, "Eve Finding the Body of Lucifer." The motive was quite French. It was a complete novelty in Canadian art, and indicated a unique direction to which its author might well successfully.

"I had difficulty about a model," he says, "but painting from the nude is the highest phase of the painter's art, and no-where in Canada will rise to it in time—it takes a very long time to correct wrong views about human things."

The Knowles prepared as they were bound to do. Their personalities have all the individual attractiveness which wins it way everywhere. His vigor and her vivacity charm everyone, so social gathering is complete without their presence. A nice cozy studio was now required for work and hospitality, and they moved to the Confederation Life Building in Richmond Street, where many pleasant "sals" of Canada, like the houses of a beautifully illustrated book, were painted in quick succession.

Mr. Knowles is an adept in painting

figures and outside in his fertile landscapes, by the roadside and river bank—very strong in the Province of Quebec. "On the Roadside Near Beauséjour" is characteristic of French Canadian life it was painted in 1908.

Mr. Knowles takes full of the wider country, where forest grows and the Indian stock of wandering cattle and smoking policy. Her "Fall of the Year," painted in 1907, is an excellent example, "Edge of the Wood" (1910), a summer study, country, and "Silver Bells" (1908), born of autumn, a winter's study. "Born to Shock" (1907), was painted at White, Ontario, on one of the coldest of October days. "When," as she says, "my hands were almost numb and my pain compelled." These compositions are evidence of her skill in atmospheric effect, wherein she reproduces admirably the characteristic deep blue tones of the frontier Canadian forests, and all varieties of the green-grown growth.

"I love," she says, "the open air and the freedom of the forest and the field, and then I find subjects which fascinate me and which I delight to paint in miniature. The work may be trying at the eye, for you are sure of my studio 'in little' are no longer than a postage stamp. Some time ago I obtained upon a board of ivory, which my husband had collected in his travels, and he gave them all to me. Yes, I paint on ivory my miniature orchards, cattle, forests and other country objects." These exquisite "sals" of Canada, she cannot be reproduced here—they require a magnifying glass to reveal all their delicacies. The association of the Royal Canadian Academy came to Mrs. Knowles in 1908—her diploma was being "A Document," which was purchased by the Dominion Government.

The Knowles have by no means done all their drawing and painting in and about Toronto. For several years Mr. Knowles dwelt in Cleveland, State of Ohio, transferring the physiognomy of prosperous Americans to canvas. They have made many visits to France, and in their River Street studio are many studies of architecture and street scenes in the quiet old towns of Germany. In 1908 he was elected an Academician of the Royal Canadian Academy—his diploma work being "Wormington Abbey, Evesham."

He is a devotee of the ancient vogue of yachting and of the modern cult of automobile, the latter is a vast help to him as a painter, for often he vectors to some secluded spot or other and picks up some pleasant "bits." His face as a painter of portraits stands high, his master is much after the Constant pose, the head well thrown back. Knowles' work is marked by graceful arrangement, his attention to detail, again—

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cut color, and richness of finish. He is a rapid painter, indeed the moving spirit in his in particular degree.

Mr. Knowles is quite a famous nonsmoker. He keeps his friends very amused by his presentation of the business side of life. During his student days," he relates, "I once, at least, attained the very bottom of humor, but it was a terrible experience all the same. With a lot of other fellows I used to go shooting in the fall.

The year of my adventure found us in the small district, and we all had dogs, thereby being my side. In terms we had to strum for ourselves. My duty one day was to go over so far for milk and butter. My doggie, *Scott*, wished to go too, but I left him in camp and of I went alone. I got my job, and singing merrily I hoped along. Presently I heard a curious rustling in the underwood behind me, and I leaving apprehensive, for wolves and bears had



"Eve Finding the Body of Lucifer" Painted by E. McWhorter Knowles.



"Edge of the Wood." Painted by Mrs. Knowles.

men prowling around. I stopped to leave the car and stopped too. I was being followed! At such advance I felt safe at heart as the crowd began to approach me, and then I became aware of heavy breathing. For something I could not, for it was growing dark. Having no defensive arms what could I do—run? Well, that proved fatal, but run I did, never so fast as in all my life, but the horns thing behind kept pace. I could almost feel the bear's breath! I had still far to go, but I shouted, and at last, I stumbled into camp yelling "bear" at the top of my voice. Everybody rushed about to attack the rampant maniac, while Sport, still screaming "bear," began to shake his head and wave the arms of his shirt-tail. Sport had tracked me—he was the same, his brothering—So was my bear! For years after, however, the name "bear" came to me.

Another laughable story is thrilling. "Painting peacefully a pleasant bit of Canada, not far from Quebec, one hot summer's day, I had over me," Knowles relates, "a painter's white canvas sunshade. Delighted with the amiability of the afternoon, I enjoyed



myself thoroughly, but after a time I was conscious of a sound behind me—a heavy ominous sound. What could it be? I turned, and as I did so a terrible

and savage bull lowered his head and charged! All I could do to avoid his sharp horns was adroitly to slip to one side, but my useful umbrella was impaled upon his horns. He he forgot, but he went tearing around the meadow with this terrible thing on his head. I never saw a madder bull in all my life, and I have painted many!"

Mrs. Knowle is a prominent figure in Toronto society. For many years she was president of the "Home Mission Club," no retirement she was elected honorary president, which position she still holds. She has also been first vice-president of the "Hibernian Club," an association of professional women—journalists, writers and managers of Toronto. Both she and her gifted husband depend upon the superficiality and vacuity of the phraseology which so seductively may a promising career in art and craft. The method of the Knowles—where the life lived and cultivated alone are thronged with numerous of the decorative and a people's individuality in words and appearance. His best work maxims are: "Keep close to Nature" and "Never cease taking notes."

Seeing Trouble on a Prosperous Outlook

We Have Not Been ^bTickling the Earth as Much as We Should Do

By JOHN APPLETON

ALTHOUGH so many people are hating on a well worn trope—that of money emergency, there is in Canada today so much actual cash in proportion to liability to banks and other savings depositors as there has been at any time during the past five years. It should be borne in mind that the term "savings depositors" as used here does not include the loan companies but only the chartered banks, the government and other savings banks. This is a fact that is reassuring at a time when so many active minds with money access to the entrance of powerful public agencies are bawling their fellow citizens for fealty which in the age given, it is stated with pompousness, needs conditions which are designated by the somewhat misleading term monetary

Faults on which insistence is placed are pronounced as such even if they have arrived at the settled course of the present difficulty of speculative growth, credit and capital except on terms too onerous to be practical. Over the tables around which business men are wont to gather current conversation usually turns to falling prices of securities and to the future when business really will slacken. Too frequently the result is self-deprecatory. "We have been going too fast. Out West the real estate boom has been beyond reason and the folks out there have not been sinking the earth or search as they should do."

United States—Steady security in Canadian relations, good crop prospects and a second conference on the part of the banks are circumstances which in Mr. Appleton's opinion point to a bright future. He deplores the common practice of working for trouble and of attributing temporary and local difficulties to the cause of the money stringency. The remedy he suggests is to increase the volume of imports. The latter offer a period of huge capital outflow, are necessary to see more marketable results. This attitude is general in the investment world. Leaders are impressed with the idea, and suggestions for transportation systems, like better warehousing from products that can be sold at a profit, are being made. It is also suggested to encourage its marketable products without the aid of an easily large amounts of new capital.

It would be doing an injustice to attribute such views to all business men. Some of them, and the biggest and broadest have not at any time been quite so foolish as to stimulate present conditions to any cause that has its main roots in Canada. It may be estimated in the average mind of the East if he has at the present time a tendency to look for the cause of his troubles lie in the West. Many manufacturers have been put to some inconvenience through collections in that part of the

Battlements being considerably below par. Some of them do seem satisfactory, but if the citizens of Western Canada, those residing in cities, consider themselves with a few shanties instead of twelve-foot grass-huts, and wells, cow paths or at most good roads in place of crowded wood block pavements, as carts in place of street cars and in place of modern improvements in the home such as pink bath rooms and marble showers, an occasional dip in a prairie slough, there would have been cash and credit enough to have kept up the pace which expansion has reached.

ABILITY TO BLAME THE WEST

This tendency to blame the West is as absurd as it is general in Eastern Canada and in the West there is a general and equally absurd complaint to the effect that the East is using all the cash and credit available in Canada to keep floating in the lap of luxury and gross enjoyment the "big interests."

It is quite true that during the past five years the cities of the West have expended on capital account a vast sum of money and in doing so they have been rendered encouraging aid by the banks. In so far as being able to secure the coming of the present stringency the banks did not manifest more sagacity than the average township councillor or the corner grocery storekeeper whose knowledge of finance is the basis of the

A Banker Who Grows Prize Gladioli

A Canadian who is in the same class as Luther Burbank

GROWING flowers and banking are not necessarily incompatible pursuits and many a Canadian banker may be put down as a lover of floriculture. Yet when, as in the case of H. H. Good, manager of the St. James, Opt., branch of the Montreal Bank, this partiality for flowers has carried him to the point of being one of the most noted growers of gladioli in the world, the circumstance passes out of the realm of the commonplace and awakes the hobbyist's passion of more than ordinary interest.

Mr. Grif has been engaged in the banking business in the pretty little Norfolk town for forty years. He began under his father's tuition in the old Federal Bank when he was just twenty years of age. Then, when the Federal went out of business, he became a private banker and continued as such until the Molsen's Bank took over the local institution, when he became manager of the branch.

As a boy he had evinced a considerable fondness for flowers and a curiosity in studying out the evolution of plant life. He was accustomed to collect wild flowers in the woods around Seneca and attempt to naturalize them in the garden at home. From this beginning originated those experiments in gladiolus culture which have brought Mr. Goff into prominence among florists.



Mr. H. H. Groff and his wife

have been achieved under his manipulation are little short of marvelous for he has succeeded in transforming a despised semi-tropical plant into one of the most magnificent flowers in the whole range of domestication. It stands four or five feet high, its thick, erect stem crowded with waxy blossoms as wide as a man's hand and rivaling the cocked in its wonderful lines.

This so-called hobby of Mr. Groff has expanded into a regular business and absorbs much of his time. Each summer is his experimental work: he grows three acres of his pet plants, all of which must be hand-cultivated to obtain the best results. And it is surprising the results that are obtained. New and unexpected types are of frequent occurrence, opening up avenues for future experimentation, while from the old varieties, new and beautiful creations are derived. Thus the maturing of the plants each season is always fraught with the greatest interest.

Mr. Greff has confined his efforts entirely to experimental work. His findings have, however, been commercialized both in Canada and the United States by regular firms and are grown on a large scale in both countries. In practice it is found that new and wheeled types can be produced faster than they

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The concept of true wealth. Livestock as the farm's productive mode, and these are the real wealth of a system

poor in financial resources. So long as the debacles of Canada often could be said to modify the books of advantage on their territory. While the question was in Canada's pocket in municipal securities into the London market and their ability to do so, with the aid of the banks was not by any means disastrous. The outstanding debt of the Dominion is not by any means excessive. The outstanding debt of the Dominion is not by any means excessive. The outstanding debt of the Dominion is not by any means excessive.

THE MUNICIPAL EXPENDITURES.

Explanation of prevailing credit stringency is not to be found, however, in any internal conditions in Canada. Conditions of one province may be those of another and citizens of one city those of another but to do so is to ignore the fact that each city will not be so. Nor will the fact that each city will not be so. Nor will the fact that each city will not be so.

redevelopment is equally started that will result in debt creation that of itself will make the gross debt of a group of "large" cities of the West look insignificant. The local conditions of the West supplemented by the gigantic demands of the eastern cities make a formidable whole for a market to handle after the strain of the last few years.

For the western cities it must be said that they had to start from the beginning and furnish a modern city in but a few years, with all the shortcomings of modern city life. Since legislation has become more respectful to science they must that its decrees be to one city a statutory obligation. City history and development in which the world is most concerned is carried over centuries from the cradle to the metropolitan type of city. In the past the history of the cities dates back not a few years in a lifetime. On the hillside tracks and where tracks met the trapper cities have reared themselves within but a brief space. Hunters and scavengers alike built who were the city civilization raised its head where no commerce was desired. In this short space of time has been crowded the gigantic work of making other cities with modern equipment.

Britishers and British investors were amongst the first to realize clearly the combination of circumstances that made inevitable a development so rapid as that depicted. Capital provided by these furnished the transportation facilities that opened up to the prairie the market. In the older cities the effects of the development of the Dominion as a whole were felt but not so acutely and consequently their plans for expansion matured slowly. But they have plans which in so far as the extent of the expenditure is concerned far exceeds that of Western cities. Montreal has plans which will require vast sums and at Toronto a water front de-

velopment was never a time when the ability to repay was better in evidence than at the present time. Each harvest disclosed enlarged crop potentialities and each year some improvement in the types of grain raised to the country and the climate. Under the circumstances we can put some doubt as to the security of the loan made to us. We cannot put doubt however as to the supply of money that will be available in the future.

But to scribble at the scene of the present stringency the municipal expenditure of Canadian cities, either those of the east or the west, appears to the writer to be as far from the mark as the expenditure of any other case made in Canada.

INVESTORS ARE LOOKING FOR PROFITS. In a recent article in the *Financial Post* a writer states that Canada is experiencing a brief period of liquidation and the real solution is a renewed stream of capital. Liquidation itself would be a better solvent and if liquidation is proceeding the result will certainly be beneficial in the paying of debt. Some difficulty is being felt in selling bonds that it is more difficult because of the present state of affairs. The consequences are falling prices and the fact is going to be an increasing burden. The beneficial character of this liquidation would however seem and if the stream of capital which has flowed to Canada is freely during the past few years it has been up to it. What appears to the writer to be "beneficial" in financial conditions is checked in liquidation which is a disorganized stream of capital. Too much of the energy of the country has been used up in the expenditure. If the country is not looking, if the consequences are rightly interpreted by the writer, for some more tangible results from the new productive loans created by the investment of so much money. They are justified in doing so.

Canada is producing more, here, at the same time, is occurring more. To the borrower with European or British specialties the increased consumption taking place in Canada is not so apparent as the increased amount, and the extent of her borrowings. In Germany, France and the United Kingdom the investor who supplies most of the money belongs to the class known as "the small investor." His mind is very practical. If his money is placed in any undertaking he judges it by results. This is, in a party to an investment of a few thousands in an apple orchard, he wants to see at the end of a few years an amount marketed, generally sufficient to make his investment remunerative. When it does become remunerative confidence is established. If, however, the orchard does not need to be the market sufficient to recompense him for

the use of his capital he loses confidence. In Canada the European investor has looked a deal of money within the last few years. The orchard, so to speak, has been planted and the European now shows a disposition to see how the orchard is doing in a year.

Of investors there has been an increase in the last few years. Of these the world is full and the investor of Europe during the past decade has been fully paid except the world in the last few years in the way of money making proceeds. With wonderfully well understood, propose the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded.

It is no secret, then, that the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded. At the last year's end the money man has been flooded.

THE SMALL INVESTOR.

It is not fortuitous for Canada, however, that the stream was interrupted and would not the results have been worse if the same rate of capital came in the few years just passed had continued? Is the time not here when Canada should give attention to using more fully the capital already provided? This appears to be the real situation. If the exceptional stream of the last few years had continued would it not have led to inflation and then to a crisis more akin to bankruptcy than is a monetary

stringency? A renewed stream of capital means the continuation of building to the extent of \$30,000,000 a year in Toronto and Montreal, \$20,000,000 in Winnipeg, from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 in the Edmonton and Calgary. Amounts would continue to increase in the same according way as during the years immediately past and at the present time with the inevitable building up of a debt, burden which would in time paralyze the activity of the country. No prudent mind will admit the possibility of the continuing at a pace which has not been in the building trades, and prices of material, to a point that brings its own check. Every Canadian knows the extent of the change. The comfortable home available at \$25 a month six years ago is now estimated at \$55. To what length was the country going? If the money continued to pour into the country the same would have remained the same. But money is coming in more moderate volume and the change may be prevented. From the history and resources of the business of making "capital expenditure" the nation will have to devote more of its energies to handling to better purpose the "capital expenditure" already made. This will be the "real solution" of the present situation. There are like places for the hands and Providence never showed upon any nation better or more head for the use of the globe. Railways give every month to the land and take to market in produce. In the meantime the cities are still in population and assessment and the population and assessment of the real communities increase—there will very soon be a reduced charge in the attitude of the investor towards Canada. Already capital has manifested a tendency to leave the forest. There are large corporations that lend only to farmers which but a year ago divided their business between the farms and the city. One

of the Western Movers, Mr. Martin of Seattle, commenting to the newspaper, very forcibly pointed out the difference between expenditure of a productive and of a non-productive character. He listed some large expenditures of his city in the form of very fine buildings. They had to be paid for very hard but Saskatchewan to pay with but her wheat. Canada can easily pay her debts with wheat and other grain products and it looks as though investors were of the opinion that she should have the opportunity of doing so. The opportunity of supplying herself with butter, with eggs, with pork and other simple necessities, which in her extravagance, and extravagance of her frugal ways, she has bought from her neighbors in such large quantities. To do all these things without as much new capital as she has been accustomed to get is quite possible. Canadians with faith in their country—as strong as their faith in London's readiness to lend money—have no fear as to Canada's ability to come out of the present affliction without anything in the nature of a panic occurring. It is simply a matter of paying a few more bills to the play and a few less to those of speculation in the real estate or stock exchange.

REVENUE IS GOOD.

It is now well up into the autumn and business men in Canada are continuing to do so much business as ever. Working people are fairly well employed and at many places in the country are doing so. They are being paid in hard cash as promptly as at any time in history. Crops are being raised, food and clothing produced and everything else necessary to a very high state of self comfort. Of history recalls there are few in the normal proportion in a nation. "For the poor we have always with you," but in Canada there can be no excuse for poverty.



The entrance from the West. Canada is now a modernized state.



The Golden Eagle in his business hours.



The West is losing out much wealth in cattle

No physically efficient man or woman can justify poverty. Disease may play the strong—physically and mentally—in the poor class and perhaps may be left to their families without the aid of a benefactor. These are unfortunate entitled to national protection. That is a question entrusted to the master under discussion, suffice it to say that at the present time Canada has no poor except of the class indicated. This happy state of affairs exists despite the tawdry footings of a few millions ago, and common talk respecting sanitary stringency and so-compensating quality.

With visible signs of material well-being standing out so strongly why have there been no anxiety? The provision man finds no less demand for his wares. In personal attire there do not seem to be any signs of lack of cash or credit nor lack of cash for gasoline, otherwise every decent road would not be so frequented by the weather for pleasure through costly automobile. The fact is that Canada is not suffering nor do conditions warrant anxiety, except in

the form of mild apprehension but we should have to confess a alarmless lack of better on our bread, a little less job on our great bread, fewer tears over the universe and the comfort of warm sleep instead of the oppressive formality of first class asleep.

Canada's only complaint can be that for the time being there is no excess of cash and credit available for capital supply. To small values of real estate, to foreign investments, to capital savings and trade in prospects there is a dearth of credit. The lubricant of speculation is in very limited supply and full of pit—staining the pay, many find peculiar to call off his guard, order out his telephone and other bank in the sunshine of his gains or turn his hand to work that will add something to the wealth of the country. He hates to do it and successfully substituting in the travelling bill the air with loud complaints because his credit has lost its elasticity and prospects are no longer exchangeable for gold. If the world-wide excess of a world wide stringency have purged the real estate business of

irregularities that large army of parasites—its infestants in Canada will be wholly benefited.

It is hardly necessary to give figures to show that Canada has as much money as ever she had. The government, banks and savings banks hold \$9.20 in actual specie for every \$100 of liability. This is a high percentage when compared with the record of the past few years. Obviously the basis of credit, specie held, is as broad as it ever was in Canada. But there is owing to the banks a vast sum, approximately \$1,450,000,000 and to other financial institutions a very large sum. Debt in Canada has been accumulating as it has been accumulating elsewhere. Cheap money made this debt indispensable possible. When once the month of the creditor's punch is opened wide there are lots of hands ready to dive deep into its recesses. The contents of the bag are now low. Pay day has arrived. Investors the world over are looking for a sign of their money and have ceased to lend freely until they see how the world's borrowers are making out with the gold they procured. It is time to dig, and in so doing they are gradually staked, it is time "to get partridge."

A sagacious business man, successful though without universally trusting, paid in briefest form the right return in so far as Canada is concerned when he said, "We've got to tickle the surface of the earth some more." Canada can do this to a vastly increased extent without resort to the money market. Why then anxiety is in the future?

MIDSUMMER

EDWARD WILSON MASON.

It was the time of shade and shine;
The noon pale as death
Frore on the wind's fire divine—
The splendor of their breath!

The locusts chirped in meadows;
The toad in girth of mud
Monarch of silence on a stone
Reared in a world of dust.

The birds were songless in the trees,
But in the blue above
The butterflies danced on the breeze
Like serpents of love.

There was a rapture in the air
Crumbling as a boon
For high and low everywhere
The year was out the noon!

—The Craftsman.



Canada is now rating one of the best crops in her history. But it bears otherwise tight many would have given a bar hog more enough.

Between Two Thieves

By RICHARD DEHAN

LIV.

And thus, reaching his rooms in the Rue du Bas, and descending to bed the slappy valet who had waited up for him. Dumas laid himself out, and instead of lying down, went out, haggard and hot-eyed, and headachy, into the squalid outer streets.

His destination was the Rue de Serres, for Madame de Roca was still retained her apartments in the outer building of the Abbaye-au-Bas.

The thought of using Bertrande again shocked and dominated him completely. And yet, even to his slight passion observation, the servant who answered the door seemed fastidious and sober-minded. The man opened his mouth to speak, that it hurriedly, and awkwardly drew back to let the Colonel pass in. But a moment later, as Dumas's eager footsteps were hurrying on the direction of the great boulevard, he arrested them by saying:

"Pardon, Monsieur the Colonel! but Madame is not at home."

"Indeed! Madame went out early?"

Thus interrupted, the man showed confusion. He explained, after some hesitating, that Madame had gone out, and had not yet returned.

"Not yet returned?"

It seemed to him that the servant must be absolutely mistaken; for in the innermost portion of his coat, just over his heart, nestled a little note, pinned in violet ink, in Bertrande's delicate, characteristic handwriting. It had been upon the vestibule table in the Rue du Bas. He had read it and kissed it, and known assurance of his blazing torture for his mistress, one of the twin-daughters of jealousy and suspicion had smugled down to his apartment. It said, under the date of the day of his departure from Paris:

"Dear Sir,
"Take care of yourself; you are the man who ought to be taken care of. I have been miserable all day, thinking about you. It is now six o'clock. My head aches, I am devoted to all visitors—I have refused all invitations. I am going to dine early and tonight myself to bed. Another day—see more words of tenderness, and then—may my Father's goodness grant you his back in safety to his field."
"Sincerely,"
"Suzette."

LIV.

Dumas, with a deathly sickness at the heart, drew out the little lying letter and read it, and heaved a black,

sharp face upon the nervous servant, and asked, with a glance of the black eyes that made him winn and black:

"Madame went out—yesterday evening—last?"

"She went out—yesterday evening—last?"

"She went out—yesterday evening—last?"

"She went out—yesterday evening—last?"

"She went out—yesterday evening—last?"

"She went out—yesterday evening—last?"

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"She went out—yesterday evening—last?"

lifting her white arms to release her little head from the weight of the diamonds.

The Prince-President smiled. "It was a command. How could I disobey?"

Dumas answered her in tones she had never before heard from him.

"I am, Prince-President, should know that the droit de signifier went out with the Ministry. It is not an indication that the Republic of France will wish to see retired during His Highness's tenure of the Presidency."

"I will explain this to His Highness without delay!"

Her beautiful eyes blazed rebellion. She smiled:

"Are you well? What right have you to demand explanations, or to give them, pray?"

"What right!" Dumas asked, looking at her incredulously. "Do you ask by what right I say that you shall not be decorated by the cabinet of persons who are infamously—and a belt to lure golden fish into the net of Presidential intrigues—poisoned and contaminated by an atmosphere in which nothing that is pure can exist, and everything that is vile—"

"Ah, ah!" she said, interrupting him; "you talk in riddles and parables. Be plain with me, I beg of you! Or—permit me to be so with you!"

She sank down upon a divan with her knees apart, and said, thrusting her clasped hands down between them, joined together at the wrists as though they were fettered:

"Listen to me!... You are not my husband!... I advise you to remember that!... It will be very trouble in the long-run—it will be better for yourself and for my own will do it!"

Dumas returned, in tones that cut like lightning:

"I have got the honor to be your husband, it is true! But so long as the relations which have hitherto existed between us continue, I forbid you to go alone to the apartments at the Elysée! As for that assumed banquet of the night before last—"

He broke off, for something in her face appealed him. She stamped her little foot and cried:

"Great Heaven! Am I a young girl, all blushing and bashful?" And you—what are you? A soldier? Not a bit of it! My dear old fellow, you are a prod!"

(Continued on page 123)

astonished the old doctor who so recently had departed leaving his patient in a favorable condition.

Thence again retired where pews had been a moment ago held sway, all was supposed unconscious. Their faces showed the turmoil of their souls but no word of fear passed their lips; they felt but not they said; they rubbed their tired limbs.

"Easy, dear Betty," he whispered close to her ear; but his face remained passive.

Would the doctor never come? Three minutes which usually were so light and amiable now seemed like dark ages, until a distant rumble of wheels sounded through the calm night air and soon the old doctor with dark circles under his eyes came down the stairs.

The girl the doctor with dark circles under his eyes came down the stairs. The girl the doctor with dark circles under his eyes came down the stairs.

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while it often gave pain, seemed to him kinder than deception.

Robert smiled at word. His soul in the old man's face. In fact, in the kindly hand laid on his shoulder.

"Do you mean?" he breathed out.

He was pleading again and then his great heavy arms were crossed on his chest to dampen and his frame shook with one dry sob after another.

The old doctor listened with a sympathy in a doctor by years of experience. The people of the valley dearly loved him for his friendship and help in times of distress.

How often had he felt the faint of more earthly power and now that the old doctor with dark circles under his eyes came down the stairs.

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dan of life. Big of frame and sturdy of spirit he had bowed down and seemed to battle with the grim monster. He visited alone the man and the horse and many a sleepless night had he spent in feebly for that mountain spark called life.

But to-night he realized that a younger and a stouter hand was required and he had called the man who above all others he knew to be capable and painstaking. Dr. Brown had worked under him as a student and he had experienced great joy in watching the latent power of the young practitioner unfold themselves before his eyes.

All circumstances of the near tragedy in human life and the great part he was to play in it. Dr. Thomas Brown lay in deep slumber. Only an hour ago he had thrown himself, weary, on his bed in his new room above his office. It was very indeed. The walls were hung with college pictures and banners of college days. The "blue and white" of Toronto and the red, white and black of the medical parent had prominent places.

Magazines lay on the couch where cushions were piled in disorderly comfort. On the foot of his bed lay "Dutchie," a little white Pomeranian, his insouciant companion.

Tom Brown was big, sturdy, over six feet, and with an athletic frame. Blue eyes were set in a strong face which could light up with a genuine Irish smile or dwindle to an expression of tender sympathy. It is of passing interest to note that he was not only high in the honor list of his class but held won his share on the rugby ground.

He had graduated from Toronto medical college four years before, spending the first two with Dr. Brown who could indeed be trusted to have a hand in the shaping of his subsequent career. He had won the old doctor's heart and had gone to his new field with the irrepressible feeling which the old man's forty long years had given him.

The little extension bed from the telephone booth had the sleeping form of last night.

"Dutchie" pricked up his sharp little ears, and giving a short bark, moved up and licked his master's cheek. He opened his eyes and against the bell

Slipping on his dressing-gown and slippers he went down to receive the messenger. Immediately he became all nervous and with wonderful quickness and cautious his grip was pasted. Heedless of cold and gloves were on neediness and in whose name time as it takes to tell it, he was at the door of his garage. As the engine coughed

up its cycle in response to the quick crank little Dutchie leaped lightly to his accustomed place, the young doctor sprang in after him, locked the machine out and took the road to his job.

What a night! It seemed as if nature were determined to aid him in his fight to that house of anguish. Every star in the heavens seemed to sparkle with unusual brilliancy. The moon had passed its zenith and already far as the moon seemed to warn the traveler that he must hurry. Did he need any urging? Human lives were hanging in the balance. That was enough.

Even now, he had turned into the last in miles the country he knew so well when he was with Dr. Brown, and he urged his machine to the front. On he drove past many familiar landmarks. Yonder lay the firm outline of the house where he had watched a whole lifetime of the life passed the crisis of his professional life.

Over the hill where the night breeze whispered in the poplars was the little house where he had placed the silver table in the little girl's window when her throat became closed with the deadly hercynical diphtheria. To him, as he sped cautiously along, every house seemed to have its share of sorrow.

Another two miles—On the left, the winding river with corned along its picturesque banks.

Ahead of him loomed the big bridge. He had slowed down, to pass it more leisurely; but as his light scratched out the approach he uttered an exclamation thrust on his emergency brakes and brought the car to a standstill. The big wooden structure was condemned and barred from the public.

What would he do? To turn back meant miles and he would be too late. He climbed over the obstruction and passed at the adjoining abutment and then at the dark wooden water beneath. He could not ford it. He hesitated but a moment. He would risk it. Felling down the bank at both ends he climbed into his car and drove it. For a distance, then opening the double door with reckless abandon dashed onward with determination on every feature. With a great bound he was on it.

It cracked, a driver went through its timbers and then a terrible crash followed. The car had struck the first section had collapsed as with lightning speed he reached the other side just as the whole structure settled below the load at the road. Those few seconds in which he was driving him, the danger seemed in soon forgotten and after putting up the bar he sped again into the misty haze that overhung the valley.

How the cold had been given the baby had suddenly been stricken with that rare and fatal disease, hemorrhage of the newborn. His eyes had been closed during the excitement caused by the mother's sudden illness and when the old nurse bent over the tiny form she found the face and body bathed in blood and the face was free down to rest in its pain. "What could they do? This terrible calamity was almost more than the father could bear. With drawn face he walked from bed to bed and from bed to bed in an agony of mingled response and despair, imploring the old nurse to save them.

A dozen times he hurried to the door to gaze up the road from whence his help must come. After what seemed an endless time the glow of the welcome lights was seen around the corner and once the parting car came to a stop in the yard.

The two physicians met with a bag hand clasp which had a world of meaning. It made the old man quiver with joy and the younger with a thrill on an inspiration and his heart went out to the man to whom he owed so much.

The two spent but a moment in consultation and then all was activity. He gave his orders with a clearness and decision that made the old doctor place a curved battery in a solution of corbolic acid and made a saline solution. The younger whispered to the father, in a voice that was almost a sob, "I am glad to see you."

A hand was loosely laid around the arm in order to have the veins swell, then he deftly inserted the large hypodermic into the vein of the elbow and drew from him the healing winning serum which was to save his boy and injected it into the muscles of his dying child's back. It was a race, with a life at stake and who could forecast the result? Four times the father had seen the old doctor with the hypodermic needle, and four times did the warm blood flow into the child. Then he stood up straight. He had done all he could.

New for the mother. In a moment he was ready. Her arm was bandaged, the vein entered by the history and the red stream flowed into the waiting vessel.

He allowed it to run until he had colored sufficient blood and then he turned the clock. He had by his very presence inspired them with hope, and now they could already see the change. She breathed deeply and opened her eyes but they stared at his victory. Life came back to the little girl. The diphtheria passed. He entered the needle attached to the saline solution and allowed the warm enveloping fluid to find its way into the porous system. The old nurse came forward with a smile and a decision of this young point. His eyes shone with admiration and joy as



"It cracked, a driver went through its timbers, and then a terrible crash startled us," he said.

"It would be easier for me to give you hope, I am thinking too."

And then the flood gates of emotion burst forth, and the man accompanied to face the trials of life with a sobbing heart in his Swedish blood cried out: "My God! what I love her—my Betty! can we do nothing—nothing. It isn't

old doctor who had, turned himself so much by the bedside of the occasion. What a story was written behind that strong face. For forty years he had been at the call of the valley people and now he was old and must lay down his self bar-



"With the gun a good-sized Mustang developed under the Swallow's stern, and she started off like a runaway locomotive."

loved in due time by half a dozen crack misanthropes, left the Hermsdorf yacht.

"It was nuptial spring season up here then and the ice was still two feet thick on the lakes and the country around practically uninhabited when they arrived at the Swallow's dock but these things served the purpose exactly, and, attracting so little attention as possible, the strangers got the heavy cruiser steamed away in the yacht's winter house and went to work.

"Early in June on a bright day," Peters stopped to level his glasses on a new cottage, "when matters round the lakes were beginning to get active, two fat cats were locked without warning down to the wharf at Greenhatch, and a long, narrow craft, with lines like a torpedo boat, and bearing the surprising name 'Swallow II' was, with a good deal of difficulty, gotten into the water.

"Alger was late in arriving that year and it was well toward the middle of July when the Swallow was cleared from her winter cover and gotten into

commission. She ran up and down the lake a few times at her old speed, but early and dirty as she was without the usual spring clearing and coat of paint, attracted little attention as compared with the new Swallows, which had been running round at only top speeds but was gaily in new paint and polished metal.

"Scarcely asked Alger, just before the Benmarin regatta whether he was going to enter Swallow that year.

"I guess I'll stick her in," the country old chap said. "We'll have much chance against Swallow now, but there's always a chance of something gone" wrong on new boats. I'll take the chance."

"I can remember the events of that regatta so plainly as yesterday," Peters went on. "You got second in one in the crab race, didn't you, Walter?" Then turning again to the story for the listener benefit:

"Most everybody walked anxiously that afternoon for the last item, the

yacht race. It was whispered round that Swallow had given out that he was going to enter Swallow II out for the first time. There were a couple of other new boats entered beside the Swallow and nobody knew what those might be. At the last minute, though, these all kept out of it.

"They didn't believe in handicapping them," Peters related, comparing the race with the modern day performance, "but simply started the boats off together and let the best man win.

"When the event was called the Swallow did up to the judge's boat with a whirl, and old man Seaton was seen in the wheelhouse with his usual smile. He wasn't steering her himself this time but had a professional from Toronto at the wheel. A moment later little Swallow, looking dirty and congested, came up slowly and stopped beside her. Everybody laughed, including Seaton, Alger, in usual, was occupying his wicker chair over the stern.

"With the gun a good-sized must-

stoon developed under the Swallow's stern and she started off like a runaway locomotive, throwing a wave like an execution boat and sweeping a dozen courses near astern. By the time Swallow got well started she was a quarter of a mile up the lake and drawing away like a greased sled and a boat from a dashboat.

"The race was three times around a four-mile triangle with the finish line at the judge's boat. Practically all the course was in sight except the end and where the bare lay beyond them lay land.

"Swallow seemed to reach her top speed about the time Swallow crossed the first buoy, but people stopped watching her and turned to the new craft, now half a mile in the lead and going like the first round with the outgoing current and all the cleaner whistles piping a welcome. Old man Seaton came out on deck hawking and sniffling as he swept past the judge's boat and waved his hand derisively backward, as if to joke fun at his old rival which was done out of sight behind the island.

"What's the use of Alger keeping up this farce?" young Billy Seaton, one of the judges, and then, "Swallow will be in or her third trip before he finishes the next round."

"Swallow doesn't seem to have even her last year's speed," old man Seaton beside him said in sympathy. "Her stern's lower in the water and the wheels slung."

"Swallow swung up easily with Alger still grinning in his chair. Just at the starting line his grin increased and he reached up and yanked at a ring on a cord above his head.

"We heard a kind-crocker" come from under the stern, then a succession of rapid explosions like the discharge of a galling gun. The boat jumped—there's no other word for it—half out of the water, tamed up her nose till two feet of her waterline showed, sank by the stern till she almost ran awash, and darted up the lake like a rocket, leaving a wide wake of sea behind her.

"Everyone gasped. By the time little Swallow was well on her way to the second buoy. Rounding that and rounding home, and not knowing what was happening behind him, Seaton had his shoulders over the boat in his usual curves, holding her over as she turned.

"I remember how Seaton smiled again when he passed the judge's boat and sang out through a megaphone: 'Is there any fainting?' Then the drift of the people's eyes and a new coming from behind the island caught his attention and he glanced around.

He looked as if he'd been struck by lightning, and popped in astonishment. He saw the familiar long grey stem of

the Swallow half out of the water with her nose three feet high sticking from the big funnel and a line of smoke trailing out from under each side of her stern. She had already cut down half Swallow's lead. Seaton made a break for his engine room and in a moment Swallow quickened up a little, but not materially.

"When Swallow came up at this time Alger's chair was vacant and we saw him on the deck in front, now laughing like a crazy man.

"To finish the story up," Peters said. "The Swallow caught the new boat half way down the second leg of the course and began to do the curve business herself, moving back and forth over the larger boat's bow and really playing rings around the Clyde-built craft. Then, as if to make the humiliation more thorough, she was slowed down behind the main buoy along with some sense till within a mile of the finish and then cut loose again, crossing the line a quarter of a mile ahead of the Swallow.

"When Swallow came up Seaton could be seen walking up and down on the deck in front of the wheelhouse. He looked black till Swallow swung back alongside and Alger, again in his wicker chair, baled him.

"Fine boat that, Seaton," he called. "Got her for nothing, didn't you. I'd like to look her over."

"Then the Irish misanthrope's appreciation of a good job put the better of him and he broke into a hearty laugh he sang out:

"Come aboard you scheming Yankee. I want to find out how you ex-

plode dynamite under your boat's stern."

"And some of the rest of us who were," said Peters, "heard how he did it."

"It was easy," Alger said, with his brilliant grin, after he told of the news which had incidentally come to him in Scotland. "I wanted Harrold to build a new boat for me. See, but he said there wasn't time and the joke on you would be larger if we used the old one. So he stuck together a couple of those new-fangled four-cylinder marine oil engines, and without willing anybody we fitted them in, with a screw behind each, alongside the main shaft. That, with a forced draft added to the old boiler did the business."

"He really made a mess of it though, when he forgot to add a couple of pumps. There's a lot of water in the wheel-hold now. Come in when she pulled down her stern. You'd have bought me in another round, Seaton, for in ten minutes more it would have swamped the ignition of those gas engines and made us pull the fire out of the boiler again."

"It won't last after that," Peters concluded, "till the little motor boat built on the hydroplane plan and able to make twenty-five to thirty miles an hour in the old water made went out of fashion. But none of us who were there will forget the surprised look on Seaton's face when he saw the Swallow forging up behind him nor how much he enjoyed the job. In an instant, which the incident enabled, he and Alger were better friends than ever afterward."

The Deep Places

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I LOVE thee, dear, and knowing mine own heart,
With every beat I give God thanks for thee,
I love thee only for the self thou art;

No wild embraces, no wild shattering him,
No passionate pleading of a heart laid bare,
No urgent cry of love's extremity—
Stronger truth to take the spirit's answer—

Not one of those I ever had of thee,
Neither of passion nor of pity wrought.

In this, the love to which at last I yield,
Not shapen in the stillness of my thought

And by a birth of agony revealed
Etern is a thing to live while we do live,

Which shames not thee to take our love to give
—Ranger's Magazine.

How I Raised My \$1,500 Oats

A City Man Tackles a Western Farm and Wins Out Handsomely

I and my sons came to this part of Alberta in 1933, locating on section 20-26-27-W3, in 1934. At that time the call from the wheat field seemed to be the apparent voice to claim the situation of a farming outfit and I decided to try wheat, regardless of the proposition of the land or the fitness of the climate in their particular section. In connection with the rest, we prepared a crop of wheat by sowing 20 acres of our first breaking in 1935. The harvest that year was easily attended to, for the wheat was all from and we had only the straw for our pains. Despite this setback in our personal experience we still listened to the popular cry for wheat.

So in 1936 we found ourselves with 60 acres sown and at the harvest we saw the same catastrophe of 1935 repeated. About this time we began to feel badly about wheat. Still the few hands sown, green wheat, at once winning would make up for a number of times losing, and the prospects for a good year at land looked shattering. Accordingly we restricted on 70 acres of wheat in 1937. The harvest was another and then for the whole crop was from again and we had only an abundance of straw for our trouble. In fact, there were three of the last straw on the owner's back. We were constantly broken down and the time of being down and out had come so completely from growing wheat.

WE FORGIVE WHEAT.

Reason that we discontinued, we began the year 1938 by getting some grain from the Government. Shortly the whole district had to do likewise so we did not feel that we were alone in this experience, but we resolved to change our farming. This time we sowed seed out of the Alberta variety which was brought from England, and Monterey barley. In 1939 we had our first successful harvest. This oat turned out very well, although they were not quite so large and heavy as the seed we had sown, yet we thought they would improve when they had become accustomed. We began to break new prairie and succeeded in getting 70 acres (total) in June. We planted the first three 4 inches deep and in the fall we disked this land five times going with the plowing three times, and sowed the furrows twice. After this we kept over it with the foot or plow.

From the plow is a sharp ridge and the pleasant made by spiking six, twelve-

By J. C. HILL



A fine specimen of Western oats

Editor's Note—There is no more interesting story than this one that is told by J. C. Hill himself, of how he and his family have taken up farming prairie in ten years ago took hold of a poor proposition and made it pay. Any person who takes over any acre of the farmers, but any old person must raise 100 bushels in the acre of 100 good oats and win the prize against all Americans. This is another splendid example of the joys of competition that belong to the good farmer. Only the farmer who the growers of an enthusiastic and new prairie people, is coming into the oven.



Mr. J. C. Hill and two sons, with the Colorado Oat Trophy.

foot pieces, 2 by 6, upon four poles. The 2 by 6 pieces were spiked on a pole so that the front was about 3 inches higher than the back. This implement made a good old crusher and after going over the field twice with this the seed was in fine condition for the sowing of the winter.

MAKING OVER 4 TONS PER ACRE.

The next spring we sowed to oat Abundance oats, and changed it once when the oat was about 1 inch high. We had a magnificent stand and it was seen around for our long walk to see the following machine turn out the yield of 56 bushels to the acre of seed that weighed 50 lb. to the bushel. Our three-year-old, who happened to be an American, said that it is thirty years of experience he had never seen better oats, or as good, and that they would win out at any show. Consequently we tried our local show and justified his remark by securing first prize. We followed the win up in Calgary and Brandon and we won first in each place.

We invaded the fair of the United States in February, 1931, and at Colorado, Ohio, we won, for the first time, the Oat Trophy. This is the same situation that the prize owners and we demonstrated that in order to win prizes one had to farm well, paying special attention to a good seed. To do this it is fitted, economy after the breaking, and the thoroughly to produce the best and to harvest many times. The plucking down, so we call it, for the winter is the best thing that is done.

It is my practice on our summer fallow to begin work as soon as the spring seedling is done. We run the disc over the land to start the weeds again before plowing in June. We plow with four horses on a gang, and another with four acres on a gang, while one horse pulls one section of harrows, and another, another section. Thus we have the plowing and harrowing done at the same time and the maximum is retained in the soil for use at the proper time.

TRIUMPHANT OF SUMMER FALLOW.

Between haying and harvest the fields are harvested again. The summer fallow are then left till spring when they are disced, plowed, and seeded. All fields are also disced when the grain is about 4 inches high which operation kills a great many of the winter weeds. This has been our method of farming since 1930 and we have never failed in a crop since.

Referring to our second win at the Ohio fair I may say that there is no money prize. Many think we have won \$1,500 in money. Instead it is a magnificent silver cup valued at \$1,500 and we have to win it once again to become the permanent owners. This we hope to do with this year's crop. To win this prize the oats must be of the very best, well sown, cleaned, and selected.

When we came home for the second time with the trophy the Lloydminster Board of Trade decided to give us a banquet together with a reception of a number of original Barabara. The banquet could show you that many prairie men had gathered to do us honor and celebrate this event. Among them were the President and Ministers of Agriculture for Alberta and Saskatchewan, as well as the representatives of the railways. This to me, was one of the greatest moments of my life, in that I and my sons had won a trophy that was bringing credit to our country and to the old country because the story of our farming operations made a little like someone when it is known that I was born in London and spent the most of my life in other countries. When we came to this country in 1935 we had absolutely no knowledge of farming and what we have since learned to from experience and from literature. At the present time we think we have one of the finest oat and barley sections in the West and we still are content with our Canadian home and land of our adoption and with our prospects for the future, but we are not forgetting our allegiance to grain-growing.

We are now going largely into hops and are increasing the dairy stock that has done so much for us by turning out milk and much honey on the farm and make a good deal of money by having our good quality of honey for the Western market, there being a good local demand for it all year. I have made a success of this because this was my trade.

We also have a blacksmith shop on the farm so my eldest son's trade was that of blacksmith, general smith and farrier. Another son is a carpenter by trade, while the third son is an expert in electrical work and fitting.

We ate all London bred and born and therefore, purely city people and, of course, in the opinions of a great many people, totally untrained for farming operations, especially in the West. But I am thoroughly experienced in the fact that farming like all other businesses has to be learned and whether you come from the city or be born in the country, all experience has to be learned. This is the same to experience will be performed since it serves



The Colorado Oat Trophy, won by J. C. Hill and sons, of Lloydminster, Alta., two consecutive years. Winning the third time it became their property, which they kept to this day.

to illustrate the possibilities that lie in farming operations for even the unskilled.

I first saw the light over sixty years ago, being born in Birmingham, Bore, St. Lukes, E.C., London, England. My earliest recollection is of 1869 when my parents changed their residence to George Court, George St., Strand, adjacent to King's College Hospital. I attended St. Clement's school until I was fourteen years of age. The next two years I spent with a butcher in the Strand. I worked at this trade until '71 when this depression in business left me out of work and in '73 I enlisted with the Royal Regiment of Artillery, Warwick Company, where I did my drill and duty until March 4, 1874, being then drafted with several others for India. I arrived at Lucknow in April. India looked good to me although it was very hot. After a year's stay there we were ordered to Meow when we reached after a three-month's march. I served here for four years. At the beginning of the Afghan war we were ordered to Kandahar, and after the capture of Ali

Masud, we went through the Khyber pass to Gundamk, where the first treaty was signed. The troops had barely turned their backs on the return march when the treaty was broken and we were forced back into action. During '78, '79, and '80, I was in Afghanistan. After the war was over my battery was ordered to Afghanistan and soon after we received orders to go to England where we reached March 4, 1884, exactly eight years to the day of foreign service.

Taking a furlough on a two-month's leave during which I was made sergeant, I decided to get married. Accordingly I left the army by purchase in May, '81. I was now employed at a previous merchant's in Bloomsbury, where I stayed for eight years, getting some money at the same time to become buyer of Whitechapel and later at Woolwich. I spent fourteen years at this trade during which time my family began to grow up around me. In these last school years we taught a trade and about this time came a bad time for the factory. The firm I had been at work with failed in business and was sold. I secured another job with an electrical engineering firm which was at Woolwich, but the pay was unattractive. I became dissatisfied although all my sons were in good jobs. We could not see anything ahead of us and our attention was directed to Canada through the magnificent stories they were being printed in England. These kind of golden opportunities, awaiting those going to Canada. Accordingly, we sold our home and three in our luck with the farm colony, sailing from England in 1903, on the Lake of the Good Hope, Lloydminster about June of that year.

SYMPATHY

By ELLEN KOLLENSBERGER

AMIDST a people's loneliness. The burning presence I possess, the suddenness in my presence. Clear consciousness that I am not, are thoughts of the soul arise in connection of meeting eyes. To those, released and untroubled. The thought of the soul, but half formed, Anticipated in its flight. To meet in turn with loss delight. Thy own, untroubled solitude, Released without excuse or plea. The thought of the soul, but half formed, Anticipated and understood. For what thy heart or nature wills. The labor of thy own faith, And also judgment over me— I know—thy heart, which we are. —Euphonia's Magazine.

The Print of the French Heel

A Story of Adventure in the Wilds of North-West Canada

CHAPTER IV Continued

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON

"And do you know, when I told father, he sneezed again, and his eyes were sore when he wore those old spectacles, a man who resembled only a few minutes and then left again. Did you ever know father?"

"Never. Did you say anything to you about me?" and Lawrence watched the girl as she replied.

"No," said a word, except that I was not to see you. Now that we are talking of it, why did father feel so, and why did he get angry when I brought you home? Did you come up here to see him?"

"No, Miss Bart. I never was more surprised in my life than when I awakened and found myself in such a place as you are in the Hudson Bay country."

"Mrs. Hardy, with whom we were traveling when our canoe went over in the rapids, and it was bound for the Nelson River. We intended crossing Severn Lake, taking the north shore and striking west from there."

"The chance was we would never have seen your house. I am sure your father's drink for me is due to a mistake, a misunderstanding. When he introduced how I came here, and why, he will feel differently."

"Well, if you will sit up we'll have supper. Won't it be like to find this place?" Lawrence said, looking at her. "I am sure you will be glad to get to your father's house."

"It was most natural that you should find it, as it is one of those Ashara and I had when we were young. Really, I am the one who should thank you to appear, you see."

"I never thought of that," laughed Lawrence. "Of course, such words died with the girl, but she had been in this wilderness, waiting to be picked up by a stranger. But we were lucky to find it at that."

"The maid was more sorry than that of mid-day."

As Lawrence had been impressed by the coaxing skill of Miss Bart, her strength, endurance, and courage, he also noticed at her quickness and directness of mind, in which they indicated while they ate.

Her marvellous vanished when she left the canoe. Yet, in her conversation, there was none of the effusive sympathy of the girl, but a freedom of thought and a freedom from pose, both only natural, if he had

stopped to think, in one seated in the canoe.

Lawrence, despite his liking for the address of the woods, was not free from a strong desire for the companionship of a woman.

Often when he was alone in his little cabin down near the border, or on some summer cruise, he had pictured to himself the sort of a woman who might be the love of his canoe and enjoy the labor and reward he did, who might reveal in the glories of a northern sunset the pleasure of a little cabin life in the forest.

He never had met such a girl when at college or in Chicago, and had conceived himself with his dream-pictures—his dream-pictures and the memory of his mother.

Lawrence measured all women by his mother; the mother he remembered, and all had fallen short.

He had made the girl of his dream-picture conform to his standard, and it was because he believed that standard impossible of attainment that he was content to isolate himself in the north.

When the dream had been washed and a reality before him, which ill up his girl's face, she lay back against a rock, Lawrence, outside, with an aerial of wood, was struck by a vague impression of something familiar in the little camp-fire scene.

He became vaguely conscious of something familiar in the little camp-fire scene. He became vaguely conscious of something familiar in the little camp-fire scene. He became vaguely conscious of something familiar in the little camp-fire scene.

Miss Bart had dropped off to sleep before he returned, and he stood for a moment, looking down at the brown of her hair over the canvas of the tent, the brown, young little hands folded in her lap, of the little accustomed feet peeping out from beneath her short skirt.

He smiled, with the tender smile as he came on a sleeping child, and dipped away to not touch for her bed.

When this had been built in his satisfaction, and never before had he been so familiar with the arrangement of the branches, he walked the girl with a gentle stroke of the shoulder.

"You will be more comfortable here," he said, and he lifted the blanket from behind her and spread it over the bench.

"I will build up a good fire, and there

is enough wood so that, if you are cold in the night, you can build it up again. If you want anything, just call. I'll be down soon a little way."

Miss Bart thanked him with a sleepy little smile, lay down on the bed, pulled the blanket over her, and immediately was asleep again.

"Two little girls," Lawrence thought as he looked at her before turning away. "One little girl was out of the blanket, and he stopped to tuck it in."

"She's just like my dream-girl," he thought. "I wonder—I wonder if this is a dream."

Lawrence did not know how true he was until he had walked down to make his own preparations for the night.

He gathered a few rotting windfalls and some dried, started a fire, and lay down.

But sleep did not come, and, as he looked into the fire he could see the face of the sleeping girl across from him, and the little accustomed feet peeping out from under the blanket.

"The girl of my dreams and my lady of the French hills are the same," he murmured to himself as he finally dropped off to sleep.

It was cold that night, and the dry wood of Lawrence's fire was quickly burned.

He awakened, shivering, and was about to reach out for more wood to throw onto the coals when he heard the crackling of a twig.

He did not move when he awakened, and he remained motionless, listening, crying to sense the presence of something near him.

Again a twig cracked, nearer. It was indistinct and heard beneath the mumble of the crackling of the fire.

The fire had died down so that the few coals remaining gave almost no light.

The night was clear, but there was no moon, and behind him, and across the cover the black wall of the forest seemed a darkness which made seeing possible only when an object was in relief against the sky.

When a twig cracked, this time near his feet, and Lawrence, without opening his head turned his eyes in the darkness of the forest.

There, standing no more than six feet from him, he saw, illuminated against the sky, the figure of a man.

Just then a dying ember spring into

life, and Lawrence recognized the Indian who had passed him the day before the theft of his gun, the Indian he had seen at Bart's house.

Before Lawrence could speak or speak the Indian, seeing by the faint light of the evening flames that he was awake, sprang upon him. Lawrence saw the man's arm raised, and a knife held ready for the stroke.

He reacted quickly to one side, but not before he had felt a hot, burning pain in his left arm halfway between the elbow and shoulder.

At the same moment the Indian's body struck him.

With the realization of the momentary loss of his position Lawrence forgot the pain of his arm.

He reacted quickly from under the Indian and as quickly back onto him.

His antagonist, believing his first blow would be fatal, did not recover himself until Lawrence was on top of him and had grasped his right wrist.

The Indian immediately rolled Lawrence over into the fire, and the young man as quickly rolled over and was on top of his opponent.

Then he pressed him and slowly began to bend the man's arm back and forth in the furnace hammer lock. The Indian was at a disadvantage.

Lawrence, once being pinned the body, pressed the knife blade backward and up until the man's fingers relaxed and the blade fell in the ground.

But this advantage almost costed in Lawrence's arm.

The knife dropped, he relaxed, and in a second the Indian had half thrown him off and was on his knee.

The next moment he was on his feet, back and forth, through the coils and smoke of the fire, over Lawrence's rough bed, they wrestled.

The struggle, kicked into the coils, slipped up.

In the darkness light the man fought for fully a minute, when he suddenly loosening his hold, which had placed down the Indian's arm, grasped his opponent around the waist and threw him back over his shoulder.

The light being in the open the Indian, who had seen the man's arm, was on his feet almost.

But the fire had died down and the overbearing, rocky bank.

When Lawrence threw the man he had struck against the rocky wall. The Indian fell freely to the ground. Lawrence engaged in the hand and began slowly against it.

"My dream-girl," father certainly does take my father," he murmured as he looked down at his unconscious foe.

Lawrence bent up the fire and dragged the Indian to it.

He tried that the man was only stunned, although the man was flowing from a rapid gash in his head.

Feeling something warm trickling down his left arm, Lawrence was reminded, for the first time, of his own wounds and the Indian's.

Rolling up his sleeve, he saw that the knife-blade, stuck at his heart, had passed through the muscles above the elbow.

He pulled the hand pulled straight out and left a clean wound, but as that promised to be troublesome. It did not bleed badly, and Lawrence decided that the artery had not been touched.

He went to the river, washed off his blood and bound his handkerchief over the wound.

As he started back to the fire he saw the Indian sit up, look quickly about him, and then jump to his feet and run.

Lawrence saw him, but the Indian, with his first of thirty feet, climbed the bank and disappeared in the blackness of the spruce thicket.

CHAPTER V.

In the dim light of the early dawn Lawrence noticed the fire beside the girl.

He had the post-horn blowing and the bacon fried before she awakened.

Lawrence's thoughts were too occupied with other things to notice that there was no blunder, no confusion, when he opened her eyes and found a man cooking breakfast within a few feet of her.

To her, after many hunting and fishing trips with her father and Ashara, it was the first time she had seen a man.

Brought up in the woods, with as women companions, it was only natural that she should be free from the minor conventional ideas, while her naturalness and the man's roughness, her actions of boldness and forwardness.

"My, how you get up early," she yawned, stretching herself. "A beauty sleep is so necessary in the woods as it is in the city."

"But this is our first morning here," Miss Bart, and it will be light enough to start when we have eaten."

"Don't call me 'Miss Bart,'" she ordered. "For six years the only person who has done this has been papa's valet."

"All right, Carla."

"How did you know?"

"Perhaps I am not the only one who tells me of my sleep."

"No, and in your sleep. You look as though you had not had any. And your arm! What has happened, Mr.?"

"Lucky, please."

"No, you are hurt. What is it? Let me see."

"Nothing, honest. We must not and get started if we are to reach your home tonight."

"I want out until you tell me, and let me see how badly you are hurt."

You are pale, and you look as though you had not slept at all. Please tell me."

Lawrence had not noticed the girl discussing that he was wounded and was unprepared with an explanation.

Certain that she knew nothing of his father's attempt upon his life through the Indian he saw in his grub, he had decided not to tell her.

Carla was quick to see his confusion and intuitively jumped at the explanation.

"You have been fighting with someone or some one," she cried. "You're hurt. Tell me! I know! It was the same Indian who shot your grub?"

"I guess it was," Lawrence was started into speaking.

"But why?"

Lawrence had recovered and lied easily. "I can't say," he said.

"You let me see where you are hurt," demanded the girl, and she stepped to his side and began to call at his wounds.

Lawrence stood still as she removed his handkerchief, looking down at the obscured little face.

But when she had bled the wound, and had discolored concern, and she started him by saying:

"Oh, that's not so bad. Run down to the river and wash it off and I'll fix it up. That is clean, and the cut runs with the muscle fibers. It will be none but that's all. Run along and wash."

Lawrence, walking in the stream, grinned as he realized that the girl's speaking lack of sympathy had certainly reached him from his carefully guarded position.

"I suppose such things are too common up here to cause her to see like a maiden's girl," he thought.

When he had returned to the campfire Carla was ready with two neat rolls of white cloth.

He blushed as the begin winding the strips about his wound, but her face gave no indication of anything except concentration in the work at hand.

"Now tell me about it," she said, as they set out to breakfast.

Lawrence, as simply as he could, related the incidents of the night.

"But why did he do it? Did you ever see him before?"

"I don't know why," Lawrence lied, and then he blundered by saying: "I never saw him except that day he placed me on the river, and at your father's house."

"Did he have a broken nose?"

"Yes."

"That is Indian Frank, a half-breed. He is a very bad Indian, and I have told father several times that I did not think he should be kept at the house. Father hired him down years ago, and

The Raft

A Bachelor Rebels and a Sea Voyage Brings Bliss

By THEODORE G. ROBERTS

FELIX HANSARD was middle-aged, modest, and unassuming, but he was also of a romantic disposition. In spite of his industry, and perhaps because of his modesty, he had failed to go very far ahead in his chosen profession. Through a fall-fledged barrister, and forty-three years old, he was no more than chief clerk in the law firm of Smith, Middleton & Burns.

He knew that he was a good clerk, but suspected that he was a futile kind of barrister, and sometimes it came to him that, in the days of his youth, he should have gone in for a more thriving occupation at profession than law. He had plenty of cash in his character; but law did not call it to the surface in business hours, and his modest demeanor hid it from his friends. He frequently lay awake at night and pictured himself as the commander of a magnificent frigate, the captain of a ship. He always cut a more attractive figure in these visions than he did most days in the outer office of Messrs. Smith, Middleton & Burns.

But if Felix had visions of himself as a military or seafaring man twice a week, he pictured himself as the husband of Caroline Middleton five times a week. The world expects a man of his means and position to marry a woman of his means and position, and Felix admitted to himself that he was just as likely to captain a ship or about "The regiment will advance" as he was to marry Caroline. When men were concerned, his modesty amounted to naught, and his dash of character lay like a bullet on the tip of his stomach.

Caroline Middleton was a fine woman of thirty-eight. She was a daughter of old Chase, Middleton, and a sister of Bettina Middleton, of the firm of Smith, Middleton & Burns. She and Felix had been friends since childhood. They were kind, sensible, and clever; and some people considered her beautiful. She had refused many local offers of marriage; in fact, it was said by some that Felix Hansard was the only man for whom she had not taken more than twenty years of age who had not asked her to be his wife.

He had visited England three times, and three times had the heart of Felix burn torn by rancor of her behavior. This rancor had come to nothing, however, greatly to his relief. And yet Felix had never openly entered the law.

One evening, in his twenty-eighth year, he had so far forgotten his rancor and modesty as to elope and elope with two dozens with her. She had

Editor's Note:—This narrative of an incident in the life of a real and unassuming law clerk presents a combination of fact and fiction. It is a story that it cannot fail to be appreciated. It is a story that is true to the life and to the times, and it is a story that will be read with interest and pleasure by all who read it.

In the July issue we had a story by the author of this story, which was a member of the talented Roberts family of New Brunswick, Canada.

advised no objections or signs of distress. He had not on her face and broken it, and he had picked up and boldly pocketed a few white dollars and left. If the starboard had been stronger he might have proposed to her, and she might have accepted him; and then this story of the raft would never have been recorded.

Felix and Caroline were still good friends. People had long ago given up expecting her wedding, and nobody, so far as he knew, had ever expected her. Some romantic gossamer tried to explain Caroline's state of single-mindedness with a story that she had been jilted by a duke's daughter one of her early visits to England. No one took the trouble or thought it necessary, to explain Felix Hansard's condition.

Felix modest and unassuming, still accepted two party invitations each winter, and danced once at each party with Caroline. These dances and his dances were the events of the season. Twice a week he played bridge at the club, faithfully, for constant profit. He bought two new suits of clothes a year, and went to England every June for his sisters. His manner, unknown to him, was somewhat prim. He was generally spoken of as "Aunt Felix."

One November morning Felix awoke with the dash in his nature uppermost. This dash was honestly come, for his mother's father had been a captain in the royal navy, and had burned a deal of powder among the islands of the West Indies in his day. "Fidelities of 'Hut Pot Sen' still exist.

Felix lay in bed and stared at the gray window, conscious of something mysterious, hazy, or in the morning. He realized, suddenly, that his spirit was out of its commonplace rut at last—

that his inherent dash had welled to the surface during his sleep.

"But how long will it last?" he reflected. "Everything depends on that!" He jumped out of bed, put on his bathrobe, and took up his towel and sponge, as he had done every morning for years and years—for more years than he cared to remember.

"No, by the Lord Harry!" he exclaimed. "All this is part of the old rut. I must give myself a chance. I won't lose a bath."

He dressed slowly. He unlocked his desk and studied his bankbook. He went down to breakfast half an hour after his usual time, and read dimesy on the face of the tablecloth.

"You'll be late for the office, Mr. Hansard," he said.

His reply surprised even himself; and yet it seemed him to feel a sudden glow of pride and delight far stronger than the embarrassment.

"The office can go to thunder!" it was he said, as he threw the morning newspaper high in the air.

The maid stared at him, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, and he stared back at the maid. Suddenly he began to read vigorously.

"You are not feeling quite yourself, are you?" she said.

"But I am, Polly," he replied.

"That's just it, I am feeling—for the first time in my life. If it only keeps up, there'll be something doing."

He lit his pipe, not down by the fire, and picked up the newspaper. Polly retired, but soon returned with the crusts of this select breakfast.

"Good-morn, Mr. Hansard, but this is not Sunday," said Mrs. Dempster.

"Don't mention it, madam. I believe that it is Wednesday," returned Felix, glancing up from his newspaper.

"But—be has five office calls, Mr. Hansard?"

"I have not heard so, Mrs. Dempster. It was open and going about yesterday."

"Have you lost your position, Mr. Hansard?"

"No; but that is exactly what I must do. I think I can manage it by telephone, all right. I am glad you mentioned it, Mrs. Dempster."

"But I hope you are not going away, sir?"

"That is another good suggestion. Yes, I am going away. I must get out of the rut, and give my real nature a chance."

"I am sorry to hear it, Mr. Hansard. You have been in this same six years,

and I am sure I have done my very best to make you comfortable. And you have been such a lovely bachelor. Mr. Hansard—so quiet, so regular in your hours, so so considerate!"

"I fear that I have been too quiet, and too regular in my hours," replied Felix. "I have decided, just this morning, that I was not intended by nature to be quiet and regular. I must now visit Singapore in the office."

When Felix heard Mr. Smith's voice he staggered on the edge of the old rut, but he realized that he must do something meaning to see himself—something so unexpected that anything short of a new cancer could ever explain it. So he shouted:

"I am sick and tired of your confounded office! I've had too much of it! I don't agree! Oh, go to thunder! I'm my own master. Keep your nose!"

"I know that I made it for you, but I don't want it!"

He slipped upstairs, whistling, inspected himself in the mirror, and then shaved off his side-whiskers. Yes, for twelve years he had supported side-whiskers. He picked his trunk, sat down on it, and gazed at the dunes of his personage which had to be left out because of lack of space.

Mr. Dempster looked in at him, and screamed at seeing the departure of the side-whiskers. Then she felt to hysterical weeping, and leaned limply against the spring of the door. She was sure that this ill-timed quiet and estimable personage had robbed his employers and was attempting an escape, having hidden his identity by uncovering the sides of his cheeks.

"Back up, madam!" said Felix. He had never seen Mrs. Dempster in her bath. It was a startling sight, and therefore just what he needed to keep his feet out of the old rut. "Back up, Mrs. Dempster!" he continued. "I had no idea you were so fond of me. Delighted, I'm sure! You may keep whenever I can get into this trunk, to remember me by. And will you be good enough to telephone for a cab to take me down to Pritchard's wharf? The Amazon sails for the West Indies at noon."

"They are sure to catch you, Mr. Hansard!" sobbed Mrs. Dempster.

"Catch me?" queried Felix.

Then he understood what was in her mind, and gave back to nothing laughter.

As Felix stepped into the cab at Mrs. Dempster's door, a thought of Caroline Middleton came sharply to his mind. He set that bare by his great fear of falling back into the old rut. His few white hairs for a moment, they flashed back again. For the space of two minutes he brought there, his feet on the pavement, and his hands and shoulders within the musty interior of

the ancient vehicle. Then he sprang forward, confessing the driver's opinion that the respectable Mr. Felix Hansard was drunk at last.

"Two dozen a year!" Deane took them! Drive like fury!" he shouted.

Felix suspected that he was not a good sailor; so he went straight to his cabin and crawled into his berth.

11.

One is liable to meet with windy weather between Halifax and Bermuda, in the month of November. The Amazon met with it, and Felix Hansard was overcome; but his spirit did not yield. The sick he felt, the more convinced he was that he was out of the old rut.

On the sixth day south of Halifax and the second out of Bermuda he bathed, shaved, donned an old suit of

clothes, and crawled up to the deck. The sun was shining warm and the sea was sparkling blue. He flopped into a deck-chair and shook violently near

His eyes were dazzled by the glare of sun on water. He saw, dimly, a number of persons lined along the rail with their backs to him. He saw several of them turn. He heard a familiar voice say:

"Big your pardon, but that's my chair."

A tall, slender figure, clothed in spotless linen and adorned with white lace-trimmed, stepped away from the rail. It was Mr. Benjamin Middleton, of the firm of Smith, Middleton & Burns. He was Hansard's junior by ten years, and would have weighed half as much again. He was a good-looking, clever, and successful young man. He smiled down at the long Felix.



"The office can go to thunder!"

fixed on that memorable evening when he had danced twice with her and broken her leg.

He got limply out of the chair. But for the lively sea and the glowing sunshine, the long deck and the swaying sail, he might have been home again in the faded little city of his past.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, in his old, prim manner. "I'd have been on deck before if I had known you were ahead."

He was still unsteady on his legs, and clung to the back of the chair.

"Sit down," said Middlesex. "When I spoke I didn't know it was you, Felix. I had been informed that your white were gone, but you are more changed than I expected. Didn't know you, first glance, and that's a fact. Head that you'd changed in manner as well as looks; but now I see that you are the same old Felix. What, Caroline? We are glad to see that he isn't changed, are we not?"

Felix trembled, stared around him, and sat down in the chair.

"You are unwell, friend," he said. "I am not the same old Felix—

not by a long shot. Steward, fetch me up a chair, will you, and put my name on it! But what brought you and Caroline down? Are you making the round trip, or do you intend to stop at somewhere?"

Caroline's calm, beautiful eyes took on a startled expression. Bertin looked at her and slightly confused.

"Have you ever made this trip before? I don't remember it," said Felix.

"No—that is to say, never further south than Bermuda," answered Middlesex. "Delightful, isn't it? What stored you?"

Felix glanced laughed. Though his stomach felt floppy, the dash in his spirit was now fully in control.

"What started me?" he said, repeating the other's question. "Nothing, my dear Middlesex—at least, nothing that you would understand. I simply woke up one morning and saw the fall of everything. I was suddenly conscious of the miserable, filthy, fourth-rate, meaningless, and utterly rotten need I had made of life. Now, when I think of the nonsense I made for myself, and stuck to for those foolish

a hero. Oh, I admit that I was a fool! I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. Caroline, I wonder that you continued to permit me even the most formal rituals of friendship. I wonder that you were not ashamed to dance with me—again twice a year."

Caroline blushed. Her brother glared at her as the embers on the tinsail.

"I feel it my duty to tell you that you strike me as being a bigger fool now than ever before in your life," said Middlesex.

"Of course!" returned Felix pleasantly. "That is what I expected to hear from you. But I have forgiven your stinkiness of snail and foolishness—thank heaven! Otherwise I should not be here now, sitting awkwardly in the zone where my grandfather and certain French gentlemen used to scotch one another."

By dissipation that evening Felix felt pretty sure of his legs. For "legs" used "stomach." He dried, then returned to the deck and entered the smoke room for the first time.

Four men, whom he did not know were playing bridge, and in a far corner Bertin Middlesex sat by himself. Bertin looked sick. Felix went over to him and sat down at the same small table.

"You don't seem to be enjoying your trip," said Felix. "Come up, my boy. What will you have to drink?"

"See here, Hunsford, you are a trifle too cocky to suit me," said Middlesex, in a low voice. "Perhaps you would feel less cocky if you knew what brought me away from my work and shamed this damned old talk."

"I think not," said Felix, "but as I have been interested in your affairs—petty, provincial affairs—for a great many years, I can't object to bearing your reason for making this trip."

"Very well," returned Middlesex hoarsely. His hands trembled on the table, and his big face flushed purple.

"Very well. Confound your cheek!"

"Fire away," said Felix pleasantly.

Middlesex bowed across the table, first showing a glance at the bridge-players, who were intent upon their game.

"My faith, thoughts were drunk when you telephoned to him that morning," he began. "Later, when he heard that you had taken passage on this boat for Bermuda, he changed his mind. He considered your feelings, however, and asked me to keep you in sight until he got an opportunity at your heels. I also considered your feelings, and brought Caroline along with me, so as to give our expedition the air of a pleasure-trip. We might have—"

"You married!" interrupted Felix.

"I gather that you and Caroline have been very considerate, but for the life of me I can't see for whom."

"For you."

"For me?" Thanks! I did not know you realized my position."

"We thought you were stoked."

"Is that so? And what do you think now?"

"In Bermuda I received a cable informing me that everything was straight."

"Then why didn't you go home from Bermuda?"

"I wish we had, but Caroline asked me to keep you in sight for a little while longer. We had heard enough of the way you behaved before sailing to feel sure about the condition of your mind."

Felix winced, then chuckled. "The moment you are aware of my honesty, you doubt my sanity," he said.

"Yes, and we still doubt your sanity," returned Middlesex sternly.

You are ripe for a drastic operation. For the sake of the firm—and our old friendship—I mean to stick by you a while longer, and to see you safe into an institution."

Felix did not reply immediately. The steward approached, in response to a signal, and Hunsford ordered a Scotch and soda. He sat and gazed reflectively at the table until the liquids arrived. He poured the soda with a steady hand and drained the long glass.

"As you are a lawyer, and I used to be one, I think I need not caution you against repeating the assertions you have just now made to me concerning my sanity," he said. "The consequences would be disastrous to your career, I promise you. I have only one more thing to say to you, Middlesex, and that is that I hope you will leave this boat at the first port of call and return to Halifax, for you are more than twice and complaint as I've ever had the misfortune to associate with."

Middlesex glared, stiffened on his seat, and rose hurriedly from his seat. Felix also got to his feet and looked over at the card players. They had just finished a rubber. He stepped across to them.

"May I cut in?" he inquired firmly but politely. "I have not had a game since I came aboard at Halifax."

"Delighted!" and the man with the averted face. "We need some new blood here. Low read this out."

Felix played for three hours and then went to bed. He felt well content with his evening. He had played a good bridge—though as better than in his old life—and had won twenty-eight dollars. The stranger had treated him with marked consideration. He saw that he had impressed them as a serious personality—be, Aunt Felix, who had been the prize, side-whiskered epitome of respectable futility for years and years.

He checked as he made his way aft

along the deck. Tropic stars were shining in a velvet-blue sky and barring like lighthouse lights in a velvet-blue sea. A figure in white stood by the port rail. Felix saw that it was Caroline; and the old romance and the new, the tropic stars and memories of a pocketed rose, danced together in his heart.

He halted beside Caroline and stared at her closer on the rail.

"Isn't it wonderful?" he said. "I'd be wondering my own ship now if I hadn't been an absolute fool."

She turned to him with the serenity in her eyes.

"Why did you come away?" she whispered. "It was all so sudden—and so sad. Why didn't you mention it to us, your friends? People are saying terrible things in Halifax. Why did you leave your position—your life's work?"

"I had no position. I had not constructed a life's work. We are not doing anything and nobody in a city of scientists. Love it all suddenly—and—"

"I beg your pardon. Of course I have no right—except to two weeks a year, under the terms of the biopsy!"

"You have forfeited every right," returned she.

"Do you remember our little dances together, Caroline? If I had been half awake, my door, as should have played for decades or again years and years ago. That was night, long ago. I was almost awake—almost a man. Do you remember the time I danced twice with you in one evening and broke your fan, and possessed a man you happened to drop? I was almost asleep that night. I believe you would have given me half the dances on the card that night, Caroline, but I was too modest to ask for them."

"Hush!" she whispered. "Hush! You are ill, I think."

"And if I had been myself—a man—I would have asked you to marry me."

"Hush! How dare you speak like that? You have no right to say such things to me."

"I beg your pardon. Of course I have no right—except to two weeks a year, under the terms of the biopsy!"

"You have forfeited every right," returned she.



"Be you first! Be for the deck at last, Patrick!"



He fixed the cup again, and stared over to Caroline.

The Evolutions of the Drug Store

It Carries a Novel Combination of Many Wares

By EDWARD J. MOORE

Editor's Note:—Have you ever tried to define "a drug store"? The following article traces the development of the modern store from the limited lines of the original establishment, showing how the business has been enriched through various cases of enterprise on the part of individual proprietors. In the light of the writer's homages do you realize the things which we have come to take for granted become rather amazing.

wine between Mrs. Henderson and the drug store.

"During past year was alright but the alcohol lull. It's too big. I want one like you had in the window last winter. I see the show and buying was wasped in your paper. How did you get them?"

"Well," came the answer from the druggist, "you see Bobby left me rather suddenly when the ice broke out. He told me how busy you were and so on so to bother you I had Miss Clara (a clerk) go out and get the things I didn't have. She knows your little people and I thought . . ."

"Oh, yes. You'll send the small store up soon. Alright. And how do you make our grandmothers records in? Send him a drop of the best one. I'm taking the machine up with me. And you might have your boy bring a brick of ice cream as well. I haven't had time to think of dessert for dinner."

Druggist Brown exhibits that flat rubber thought. He heard it a few hours through, while the accompanying business was made of it. And he says something to the landlady. The funny part of it was that we were able to supply everything but the two items I have checked off there from our own stock."

THE FIRST DRUG STORE

In the earliest form the average drug store in Canada was purely a side line of a physician's practice and consisted usually of a room or a day of a room, a medicine fitted with a pine counter and a pair of tin scales and, upon a more or less extensive set of shelves behind, rows of boxes of various shapes of capsules bearing hand-written labels whose inscriptions carried considerable awe to the lay observer. Dr. Halden, at smoking behind the counter in the intervals between his calls on patients in house and country, compounded his prescriptions after he had bedded down

his horse for the night. If during his absence Mr. Smith wanted a bottle of cough syrup for little Agnes, or some liniment for the man mare's sprain, it might possibly be gotten from Mr. Halden—if there was any made up. If not, the need and the customer were forced to wait till the doctor's return.

With the growth of the town these calls became more frequent and after a few years Dr. Halden brought in a young drug clerk to look after them. Now these weren't enough to do to keep the new clerk busy, several new lines were added, such as toilet articles, stationery and possibly some fine jewelry.

Jimmie Jackson, the new clerk, proved himself enterprising and capable and furthermore, was able to save a good deal—for three days—out of the \$5 a \$6 a week he got to home. Patient orders claiming wonderful virtues began to be advertised, and a strong demand followed. To insist a stock of these would naturally, been against Dr. Halden's principles. Furthermore, the worthy doctor was growing busier and now kept two horses going instead of one. One day a little difference as to the contents of the store sprang up between the doctor and his clerk. After a few weeks' thinking Jimmie got together his savings, borrowed a couple of hundred dollars from the people back home and brought out the business.

With creaming came new aspirations. The patient medicine went in to stock with a rush and immediately yielded good profits. The stationery stock was added to with a selection of school books and supplies and a little later some new show cases came in from Toronto and one morning the store blossomed forth with a small line of sporting goods.

Shortly after this Jimmie decided to begin advertising in the local papers and as a sort of sponsor and for the advice of a friendly traveler, filled his shop with special in signs and tabloids, of which he had in a small stock by way of experiment. Signs were not so familiarly used in the small towns but he found that the banker and the postmaster and even Dr. Halden himself, got into the habit of dropping in almost every morning for news.

Becker Wallace was one of the few in town there, who took a daily paper, which was delivered from the post office. Jimmie saw the signman with which the other men played at the banker's office and arranged to have a parcel of papers bound by his contractor

every evening. He handled subscriptions and also sold copies singly. This also opened the way to another new line and after a little, as they began to be asked for, quite a number of the leading periodicals found a place in a cabinet beside the shelves.

COMING OF THE SOFA FOUNTAIN

A few years ago one of the travellers asked Mr. Jackson, now a valued customer, why he didn't put in a soda fountain, showing him something of the profits made out of this business in the city stores. As a result the room of pharmacy books which had occupied the shelves originally used by Dr. Halden were transferred to a new room, some modern fittings to house the stock of toilet articles and proprietary medicines took their place, the old counter was displaced by some modern stone and the sofa fountain found a place at the other side of the store. At first Jimmie made his own ice cream in the basement. Later, when this end of the business de-

veloped he found it more profitable to bring in the cream every morning. And, since the quality of the ice product was the best sold in town a nice after-noon treat developed in a brick, the people who were down town dropping in for a package to take home.

The ice cream trade fell off a good deal in winter but when Jimmie found his weekly profits dropping because of this the second season, he began to think. It occurred to him that the stock of candy carried by the local confectioners was more too select and that the tastes of the young people of the town were being developed. A show case of high grade confectionery found its way into stock and the profits from this during the winter helped to make up for the loss of the low cream business.

Even before this a city visitor who had purchased a couple of blue flax and a seal to use on the river, had inquired for a roll of Kodak film. That led Jimmie to thinking again and shortly

afterwards a window full of nationally-advertised photographic material found a good deal of local demand. Jimmie was wise in other ways. Working quickly he got two or three of the local amateur photographers to make up a display of the country fall foliage in the town, and shortly afterwards a flourishing camera club found a place in the activities of the young people. Jimmie didn't sell all the new cameras that were purchased by the new club members. Some of them naturally, went to the store for them. But he did get the lion's share of the business and in collaboration with the local photographer started a show case of photographic equipment which has brought him in a nice little amount weekly ever since.

With all these goods and two clerks beside his fourteen man, the old store became increasingly inadequate. Jimmie had thought several times of building but he liked the location he was in and didn't like to change, even for a short time. Something had to be done, however, so he bought the store and stock and rebuilt both, adding a modern front, raising the ground level half-way into the new premises and extending both buildings to the rear. The drug store proper now occupied two-thirds of the new structure. The remaining half of the recently purchased store was divided into three. The front section, opening off the store, and also to the street, became a "polish-parlor," or in common parlance, a hair-dressing place. The second, a much smaller store, was given to a stock of greenhouses, records and popular sheet music and the third, containing a fine new roll-top desk and gymnasium table, became Jimmie's office. On the wall opposite the desk hung a printed copy of the Yellow Pages. Jimmie had spent a long holiday one summer in an optometric college and he now sold glasses, after an impressive laboratory's examination in this room, to the fuzzer and their wives at a profit of one hundred and eighty per cent. The rows of drug bottles—Dr. Halden's entire stock in trade—were moved still further back to a small new room of little importance.

Jackson's drug store is now spoken of as the old town's postal department. An old doctor and postal agent work out in gold leaf on a black-boarded wall overtopping the door and the big glass bottles filled with colored water still occupy part of one of the windows. Jimmie says he hasn't part with them. But he goes on adding new departments and enlarging his stock every month.

While the above story is not the exact history of any individual business in any particular town it will apply—with a difference in minor de-

End of Drugs to go

- 1. Drugstore for paper - (padding)
- 2. New New Paper (Cassidy's)
- 3. No change
- 4. New New Paper (Cassidy's)
- 5. 12 cases Robinson's
- 6. 1 case Robinson's
- 7. 1 case Robinson's
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- 100. 1 case Robinson's

Bobby's list for the druggist.

tails—to thousands of flourishing businesses nurtured from one coast of Canada to the other. Possibly as many old-established businesses have so far departed from the scene for its origin and had been with you pretty well called as great an evolution. The drug store of the old days is in all intents and purposes gone. Why the **drug** has removed the other changes is something of a mystery.

"Fish," the average one will probably say, "must be half their business in medicine and toilet articles still. The other things are none side lines."

Well, let's see

NEW LINES BECOME LEADING

With a view to getting at the real facts of the case the writer has asked for and been given definite figures regarding the volume of business done in their different departments from a large number of Canadian druggists. The figures are given without opposition in a village of eight hundred, doing a business averaging \$50 to \$75 a week to the downtown stores in our large cities where the actual average is some thing over \$1000 a week. In almost every case there are exceptions to this as in all cities—the middle here be the mean. The real drug end of the business is found to be one of the smallest of the various departments.

The following figures will show the two main deficiencies. They represent the actual business done in a well-managed store in one of the larger towns where the receipts average \$300 per week and which has been chosen as being most truly typical of the evolutionary movement. The items are placed in the probable order in which the departments have been established.

Prescriptions	14
Paint and Preparatory Medicines	10
Drugs	10
Wholesale	20
Surgical Goods	20
Chemicals	20
In. Cream, etc.	1.75
Chocolates	20
Electrical	20
Optical Goods	20
Flowers and Personal Toilet	15

Of course these figures will vary largely with the location of the store and the nature of its opposition but they are general enough to readily prove the point.

"What is the reason," was asked repeatedly, "why the drug stores have not these varied lines into stock?" Why, for instance, have you come to old photographs, goods and confectionery stock with which the store seems to be an natural connection?"

The majority of the heads of the businesses had not thought much about the matter. When they did consider it they gave various reasons the most reasonable of which are interesting enough to bear mention. "It seems to me," one enterprising young man said, "these departments come to be added because our store is open practically all the time. A man found he could drop in for a postage stamp, a cigar or a magazine any time up to midnight on any evening and would always be ready to attend to him. Other things were put in to make these 'drop-ins' more numerous and to make a profit out of these irregular hours."

"Small sales generally and the need to serve an enormous number of people to make a living," was the answer of another man. "The average sale in my store is under 50 cents." This drug store is a six-dollar city so the power of the small sale attract customers must be considerable.

Another man whose business certainly embodies his own ideas had a rather unique suggestion. "Druggists as a rule are just a little store the ordinary man," he said, "and they go to the city for four years for prescription work and while the college doesn't give them anything on business methods—goodness knows why—they book around a good deal and get some of the latest ideas. Then, when they get into business, they do better than the ordinary fellow who will make money. I'd sell anything separable, pipes or automobiles or cigars, if I thought I could make money on them but I'm interfering with the other line I carry."

A city druggist illustrating the development of the past few years in the pre-empting war in drugs first inaugurated about five years ago. "I must confess," he said, "we had a crisis in our business," he said. "And to keep the people on a living base we had to add new lines and work harder." All of these reasons, coming as they do from men of different viewpoints and in different conditions, all seem to have some feature of reasonableness about them. While we can never find out the "realities" it is rather difficult to pronounce definitely on the actual case.

Occasionally examples of the old-line drug store, which in spite of the general badinage toward the department plan, have not departed from their original features, are still met with.

A few months ago the writer dropped into a thirty-building store in a large city where the store was a place for a store of thirty buildings. The old half-

loads on the old duty shelves were still there with the least possible. The request for the mentioned familiar remedy brought the offer of a box labelled with a doctor's name and an explanation that "We carry of none of these things. Our own are better." In this case the proprietor, an old doctor who had been a big place in the hearts of the community, had turned his back to the store after retiring from his medical practice and the loyalty of the people had held their custom in spite of the disappearance of the stock.

Examples of extremes on the other side are, however, much more numerous and some unique cases of unusual development of the evolutionary movement may be met with. One druggist told of in an Alberta town has opened a barber shop in connection with the other usual departments. Another in Winnipeg has a shoe-shining establishment in one of its side rooms. One can believe these stories but is almost tempted to doubt the word of a traveller for one of the wholesalers because who has been in the province who alternates between his drug store and a butcher shop, cutting off a rear of beef for one customer and then reaching through a connecting doorway to dispose of a bottle of hair tonic to another.

Truly the end is not yet. Our children will doubtless be just as much amazed at the descriptions of the drug stores of to-day as we are when thinking of the old ones. Just how long the disappearing name, which in almost all cases has been the word "pharmacy," will survive, is an interesting question.

No two things are more closely akin than art and heart.

In literature, the greatest works are not those of the eagle of genius on far-flung flight, but of the most ordinary doves that nest under our eaves. The great songs are not the grand conceptions of the mind but the simple songs themselves. The great novel is not the complex composition which only a few masters may interpret, but the soul-whipped humanness which everyone must feel.

The fancy stands are very well for precision, for development of skill and confidence; but they are only means to an end. The end is true interpretation of human feeling.

The trout are low in droplets. The great message is always a simple one—Charles Grant Miller.

The Purchase of Canada

A Clear Title Traced Back to the Original Crown Grant.

By E. J. HATHAWAY

Miller's Note.—It seems to be a rather general public sentiment, that the Indians have been fairly treated by the government, and especially disposed of the land which was to be theirs. However, the fact is that the Indians have been treated very much as they deserved. The things of ownership of various parts of Canada, to which the title was given by the Crown, has been acquired in rights by fair and honest bargaining.

United States government through all the years down almost to the present has rarely been more than a brother Indian war.

In Canada on the other hand the relations between the crown and the Indians have almost without exception been friendly and peaceful. The policy of purchase by treaty has been pursued for the past one hundred and fifty years, and as the result of generous treatment on the part of the government of the day on the one hand and shrewd bargaining on the other the Indians are for the most part living in comparative comfort and enjoying the same measure of happiness as could reasonably be expected.

Most of the treaties effected with the Indians for the sale of territory within the present area of Ontario were made with the Ojibwas, or Chippewas as they are usually called, a branch of the great Algonquin race. These people as the occupants of the country at the time were the recognized owners, and their title to possession, gained by means of arms during a long series of years, has been unbroken.

When the French missionaries first came into Ontario in the early part of the seventeenth century they found the country of the Five Tribes occupied by the Huron, the Petun and the Seneca nations. The first named was a powerful people, having a population estimated at from 20,000 to 50,000, living chiefly in the neighborhood of Georgian Bay and the shores of their almost complete annihilation by the Iroquois, with the massacre of a number of French missionaries, and the dispersal of the small remaining fragments of the Huron and Petun to the northwest, is one of the great tragedies of Canadian history.

The Iroquois, however, were not suffered long to enjoy the fruits of their

victory. When the whites again came into Ontario a hundred years afterwards they found the country in possession of the Ojibwas. These had come from the region around Lake Superior and Bay River and settled along the Mississauga River or the north shore of Lake Superior, gradually working their way down into the Huron country when they came into contact with the victorious Iroquois. Indian tradition has it that a long and bloody war ensued and much of the Province of Ontario was drowned in blood. The Iroquois finally forced these back across Lake Ontario into their own country. In the end the former were forced to sue for peace. A treaty was entered into between the country in the north of Lake Ontario in the Mississauga, marriage between the people of the two nations was to be encouraged, and every effort to be made to ensure peace for all time.

The first English settlers to come into Ontario were the United Empire Loyalists, who after the Revolution of 1783 professed to succor their wives and property in the American colonies rather than sever their British allegiance. During 1783 and the years immediately following large numbers came into the Province, and these groups of land were made to them by the crown in the county of Lennox and Addington and in other parts of the country. As the population increased and as the King required more land for his people's requirements were increased little time to time with the Indians for the purchase of land "inhabited and claimed" by them. Large areas were thus obtained by the crown and the parcels of land on which were considered fair terms of payment, while reserves were set apart for the exclusive use of the Indians and their families.

The Government of Canada also recognized that it owed a duty to these chiefs and warriors of the Iroquois and helped them in the war of the Revolution. Two large sections of land were therefore purchased from the Mississauga in 1783, one on the Bay of Quinte and the other on the shore of the County of Brant, "as a suitable reward for the chiefs, warriors and people of the Six Nations and for their posterity, and their descendants to-day."

are among the most prosperous and successful Indians in the Province.

The actual purchase of the land of the Province of Ontario by the crown began in 1794, and the negotiations as carried on from time to time were effected by efforts of the government representing the crown on the one hand and the surrendered warriors, war babies and principal men of the Mississauga and Chippewa Indians on the other.

In the earlier stages most of the purchase price was taken by the Indians in "good" and "bad" money, as it was termed at the time, but later, realizing that they were living on their capital, they demanded a portion of the value in cash and a further portion in the form of an annuity to be paid to each man, woman and child living in the tribe.

In 1796 the section of the western peninsula of Ontario from Port Huron to the Detroit River, known as the Thames to Lake Erie was purchased by the government for £1,500 value in goods. Two years later the district included in the east and including the Niagara River was also purchased on a proportional agreement for its value having been made in 1796. The amount paid for this section was £1,367 to be paid from time to time on account year by year until the Province was purchased. A block on the Thames River twelve miles square, including the present site of the city of London, was purchased in 1798 for £1,930, and the further block of similar size on the Chippewas River for £200. These two blocks four hundred and fifty acres on Burlington Bay cost £762.8. Seven years later the section of the north shore of Lake Ontario from Burlington to the Chippewas was bought in 1805 for £1,000, and in the same year an agreement was made in 1797 for the purchase of 55,980 acres including the present site of the city of Toronto and the site of the city of York, was completed, the consideration being £1,700 value in goods.

As early as 1793 Governor Simcoe had arranged for the purchase of the barony at Pentagouet on a desirable place for a fort or occupying place by the Indians. This was finally obtained in 1798 for £193. In 1805 a large tract of land consisting of 250,000 acres extending from Keppelfelt Bay to Georgian Bay and forming the present County of Simcoe was secured for £5,000, a treaty extending all of the remaining territory between Lake Ontario and Georgian Bay, consisting of 1,892,000 acres, was completed in 1818, the consideration being a payment of £1,200 per year to be divided among the people of the Indian tribes in the district. A further agreement was made in the same year of \$48,000

acres taking in another area of western Ontario, an annuity amounting to \$252,140 forming the purchase price.

The Indians "indulging and clearing the land" in the east and north of New Lake disposed of their lands in 1818, turning over to the crown 1,351,000 acres, in exchange for an annual payment of £740 in goods to be divided equally among them. In the following year a tract of 552,100 acres on the Thames river west of London was acquired by the crown for an annual payment of £630, one half in cash and the balance in goods. A further area of 590,000 in the same neighborhood was obtained in 1822 for a like amount—the payments of both of these annuities, being arranged on the basis of £2.10 to each person at the time of the transfer.

During the next few years the crown made several very large purchases. Population was coming in fast, and the King needed the land. Under Order No. 27 was effected in 1822, by which 2,248,000 acres of land fronting on the Ottawa river and taking in parts of the Counties of Quebec, Lanark and Renfrew, were ceded in return for the sum of £210, or £242.10 in all, to the Indians of the district. In 1825 a tract of 2,554,000 acres in western Ontario, and in 1827 a further tract of 2,000,000 acres were obtained, for each of which the government undertook to pay annuities aggregating £1,100.

By these purchases the crown had practically acquired the land of the entire Province of Ontario as it then existed, with the exception of the extreme of the County of Simcoe, which was obtained in 1850, and the land was open for settlement and cultivation.

Reserves were apportioned from time to time for the exclusive occupation of the Indians. Some of these annuity areas were afterwards purchased by the crown, and from time to time, at the request of the Indians themselves, the timber of certain of these reserves has been sold by the government, and the balance of the purchase money after deducting necessary expenses has been paid over to the Indians or placed at interest and the income paid to them.

The annuities continued for by the crown in its various agreements with the Indians for the surrender of their lands now amount to \$87,710, and represent a capital amount of \$825,399.51; and the handling of this annuity money and the payment to the Indians semi-annually is the work of one of the important departments of the Dominion Government.

In 1836 Sir Francis Bond Head had suggested that Manitowish Island, which had been claimed by the English and by both the Ojibwas and Chippewas, should be set apart for the exclusive use of all Indians of whatever nation, but as very few had taken advantage of the suggestion the island was surrendered to the crown in 1842, the Indians retaining certain land for their own use and reserving from the crown in full payment for the same—land the sum of £700 in cash.

The first Indian surrender of the land in what is known as New Ontario was made in 1850, when the crown acquired from the Ojibwas living in that part of the country all the land from Bathurst Bay Bay near South St. Mary to Pigeon River which runs into Lake Huron and extending back to the height of land which separated the

territory covered by the charter of the Hudson Bay Company. The Indians received in return £2,550 in cash, certain necessaries in kind, an annuity estimated at \$500, and rights to harvest out of all territory and fish in all waters not sold or leased to individuals or companies. If the land should prove valuable the crown undertook to increase the annuity up to twenty shillings a head, or to £1,210 in all, the basis of population being 1,342 persons.

A further surrender made the same year covered the land on the east and north shores of the Georgian Bay from Pentagouet to South St. Mary, including the islands in Georgian Bay and extending to the Hudson Bay country. The Indians acquired by this sale numbered 1,422, and they received a cash payment of £5,000 and an annuity of £500 in full of all claims.

The first agreement with the Indians in Western Canada with a view to settlement on the land was made in 1817, when the Earl of Selkirk effected a treaty with the chiefs of the Ojibwas and Crees for the purchase of a small tract of land on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The Earl, his heirs and agents, undertook to pay annually to the chiefs and women a present or quit rent consisting of one hundred pounds of "good and merchantable tobacco," and a similar present or quit rent to the chiefs and women of the Crees.

Confederation was accomplished in 1867. But the many antipathies which among those in public life at that time were not content with the four eastern provinces; the Dominion must be made up, and extended to the Pacific. Before that time the great bulk of the surplus population from Great Britain flocked to the United States. British immigration should be directed to British America. Negotiations

were therefore opened with the Hudson Bay Company with a view to the purchase of the land belonging to the company for the purpose of settlement. In 1870 the crown completed the purchase of 2,300,000 square miles of land for the sum of £200,000, the company surrendering all its rights of property and government.

This transfer, however, was not accomplished without much difficulty. The Indians and half breeds in the north lands in the past had been to come and go without restraint. The policy of the company had been consistently opposed to settlement. Under the new government the natives were apprehensive of the loss of land and of being taken by others and their liberties curtailed.

The Red River Rebellion of 1870 was an unfortunate event in every way and due to a total misunderstanding as to the real attitude of the government. Perhaps the authorities were at fault in not making known their intentions or in opening negotiations with the Indians more promptly. There was no time, however, of reversing the policy adopted at the Compact. The rights of the Indians must be respected and the original owners of the land treated fairly and properly.

In 1871 a treaty was entered into between the crown and the chiefs of the Ojibwas and Sault Ste. Marie by which their consent was obtained to the opening up of the Red River country for settlement, and for the purchase of the land constituting the greater portion of the newly constituted Province of Manitoba. Tracts of land in the proportion of 100 acres to each family of five were set apart for the exclusive use of the Indians, each man, woman and child was to be given of stock to the value of \$100, and goods to the value of three dollars were to be given to each individual every year by the government.

In 1873 the Rainsy River and Lake of the Woods District was surrendered by the Indians, and the considerations in their own being one square mile to each family of five, a present of \$12.00 to each person, and an annual payment of five dollars to each individual hereafter.

Similar terms were granted in the following year to the Sault Ste. Marie Indians on the surrender of the territory in Southern Saskatchewan from Moose Mountains to the Cypress Hills. The northern portion of Manitoba, consisting of upwards of 100,000 square miles, was obtained in 1876 on the same terms as the agreement of 1871, and the northern portion of Saskatchewan, amounting to 121,000 square miles, was acquired in 1878.

In 1877 Southern Alberta, and including all the territory east of the Rocky Mountains not included in other surrenders, was acquired from the Indians by the British Government. Stoney and other Indians, and in 1890 Northern Alberta as far as Great Slave Lake was taken over from the Chippewas, Crees and Beaver tribes. Reservations for a third party were made in each Indian tribe in the district, with each person, and annuities with larger gifts of cash and clothing to the chiefs and bandheads.

It will then be seen that the crown has acquired its rights to the land over since the Treaty of Paris by fair and honest bargaining. There has been no necessity on the part of the government to take advantage of the Indians by sharp practices or deceit, and by a special commission governing the sale of reservation lands which by reason of the growth of settlement, the discovery of ore, or the demand for timber, have become valuable, the Government undertakes that of each reservation one-third shall belong to the Indians owing the land and must be reserved for their use and benefit.



Indian children at the Government school, Brandon, Manitoba.

V. V.'s Eyes

A Charming Story of a Popular Author

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

ONE OF the most thorough literary successes in recent years was Henry Spenser Harrison's "V. V.'s Eyes," which, coming unheralded from an unknown author, soon forged its way to the forefront of fiction in both England and America, reaching an aggregate sale of over a hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. With the entire demand greatly exceeding what was expected, merit and by reason of the author's second big success, "V.V.'s

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

Eyes," the book has obtained the head of the list of best sellers in the United States and is well up in the Canadian list of books in general demand.

With a story of a young man of "V.V.'s Eyes," the second novel in this event, could not have been otherwise than mediocre.

Instead of starting himself into a "young man," Harrison was already there a day for nearly two years as his second novel. The manuscript was many times revised and remodelled many

times before it went from his hands to the printers but even after that, when it was actually in type, one whole section was reworked. This goes to show that Mr. Quess's painstaking efforts to put into his books the best that is in him.

Harmon, despite denting his entire time to writing books, was a newspaper man. "Quess" has often been pointed to with pride by fellow editors, as a product of the journalistic mill, but, although his prose experience is sufficient guarantee of Harmon's ability to think and write quickly, none can say that they find in either of his books any evidence of this.

The author's father, Dr. George Harmon, was at the time of Henry's birth Harmon's uncle, and died 1865, a graduate of the University of the South, later founding a school in Brooklyn, N.Y. Acute expression and a fine appreciation of the correct choice of words were not only of important consequence to George Harmon but his delight, just as art, science, or nature's support group and the pursuit of self-interest aimed to alter people of varying kind. It will readily be appreciated that the character in the son's formative years made a strong impression upon him, as the possible effects of his journalistic experience.

It was at the University of the South that Henry Sydney Harmon first saw the light of day. That was in 1868. From 1887 to 1894 he attended his father's Latin school at Brooklyn, a school which had attained considerable fame, and after his father's death, Mr. Harmon continued to attend from 1893 to 1903. However, although he carried on the school with glowing success, it was for some reason or other discontinued, the Harmon's moving to Virginia, where Henry Sydney Harmon became a commercial traveler of baroque chain, a correspondence which was attended by results which were directly the reverse of that success which attended his later experience in the production of novels.

Even in that period when he was pursuing a profitable course in a manufacturing, but getting valuable experience for his subsequent career, Harmon was writing creditable short stories. In 1896 he joined the staff of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, beginning as a book reviewer but soon branching out in the writing of editorials, paragraphs and reviews. His "Reviews for To-Day" he gave a picture of that newspaper, which he attended with attention, gaining for him a national reputation because of his keen sense of humor and remarkable power of condensation which made his columns of terse comments a mine of wit and pungent wit.

But the writing of stories had a stronger appeal for him than journalistic

Editor's Note: The contributor Mr. Weaver, editor of *Bookman* and *Illustration*, writes in a delightful manner about the possible story by a young man. These sketches will interest of course, and it is to be hoped that the writer will keep in touch with the editor of the *Bookman*. He also gives to the editor a glimpse of the editor's life in the best sense and in the way will give him some useful hints in order to do so what he wants to know.

he was after he had left that field that he began work upon "Quess." He left the *Times-Dispatch* in 1900 and one year later came "Quess" to make him a famous novelist.

Mr. Harmon has said that his greatest difficulty, in writing is getting acquainted with his characters, making the first part of a story much harder for him to handle than the later part, the story moving along easily when the different characters become distinctly fixed in his mind. Those people who feel a penchant for doing in real life the types from the characters in books or drama, will find this a vain task in the case of Harmon's novels, because the author himself says that none of his characters have been drawn from life.

"V.V.'s Eyes," which is so decidedly in the literary tradition just now, is even better than "Quess," notwithstanding the nature and finished work of that book a quality so unusual in a first novel. In "V.V.'s Eyes" the author shows an entire control of character, but there are many points of similarity between the two novels, chiefly in the quality of charming characterization, quiet and whimsical humor and delicate expression.

The new novel tells the story of the reputation of a daughter of the "family club" type of society, the girl, Gertrude Heath, coming in the end to me-

lanch as she really was, receiving her estimate of life and its meaning under the influence of "V.V." that being the favorite term by which Dr. Vivia is known among her intimate friends.

At the time of the opening of the story, Gertrude Heath, at a selfish young woman, she and her disconcerting right-windly mother, the latter full of social snobisms and of hypocrisy, are latent upon a match for Gertrude with Higgs Goring, a thoroughly despicable scion because of Goring being not only wealthy but a member of one of the very best families.

In spite of unkind circumstances which tend to antagonize Gertrude against V.V., on each meeting with her he goes in for more desire to drive her efforts to consider him an enemy because of a certain discommodious of conditions allowed to exist in her father's family, the Heath Goring Woods, which he had published. Eventually, the girl comes to realize the correctness and the merit of V.V. and it is the lack of trust and confidence she was in her eyes, applied to herself, that all unconsciously even what is best in her and works transformational, transforming her selfish upon life, so that her "young man" is weighed and found worthy while the even comes to despise her father (all development came but to despise herself instead). Eventually the entire mind was won and V.V. himself triumphs her outlook by thus winning the possibilities of the reputation of the time when he had previously been named in an exaggerated sense.

But the wedding out of the social and personal problems indicated, is not all there is to this story. There is a wealth of detail and a little array of interesting minor characters, the whole combining to make "V.V.'s Eyes," as nearly an ideal novel as many a modern is composed from any other.

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Henry Sydney Harmon.

The Land of To-Morrow

A Thousand-Mile Canoe Trip Through British Columbia

By M. M. BOWMAN

WE PACKED our baggage at Kamloops, the engineer and I, early in March, intending to "make" as the ice up the North Thompson River to gain the headwaters of the Fraser. But true to the fate of the best laid plans were soon to be belied. One hundred miles north of Kamloops our baggage men told us the first crossing was impossible. The engineer balked, and we made only a dry car trip. The next morning we awoke to find the river filled with a procession of drifting ice cakes. Before us lay an uncertain snow-diluted trail to the "Land of To-morrow," and our only alternative was to abandon our packs and push on upon ourselves. The engineer, ill with fatigue and exposure, turned to the "Land of To-day." So with the little sinking of the boat, that one fact of being the compassless path, whether of the woods or the town, I transferred from our baggage what we could carry and took up the boat trip.

Scarcely a mile north of here, on the Blue River were reported two lone trappers, and these would be the only inhabitants to be met in the first hundred miles of my journey until the One Indian was in his winter quarters at the Lake of the Great Spirit.

Two days travel, and the Blue River revealed no signs of the reported trappers. I swung one weary canoe on a log, pulled back on my neck against the soft snow and made some sober calculations upon the dwindling rate of miles and supplies. I had not reckoned upon the possibility of missing the trappers.

men, and I needed their direction as my trailless journey.

A SHORT OUT OF THE WOODS.

Thus pondering I was watching a river dahl coming down the swift stream. With rifle resting upon one hip, when I felt from the side the silhouette ahead came an answering shot. Then as you have ever followed the lone trail will appreciate that shot. The two great spectacles of the dimming landscape and the mountain my watchful before a third and another

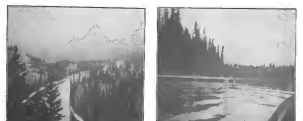
my grin. I could feel the three corners of certain windows coming to a close as I swung along in the direction of the sound. With a sense of their proximity I strove to subdue them, but they in vain. They refused to smooth out.

Turning a bend in the river I saw a bearded young man in bright Mackinac and leggings. He leaned upon his rifle supported on the web of his snowshoe, and a closer view showed that he also wore a very cheerful snowshoe grin.

The tiny cabin, snow-deep in snow, led up with primitive luxury and hospitality, was perfected, as for the night. With grins he exhibited his new stock of furs so he told of his seven months of isolation continually on snowshoes in this mountain valley of the Province. That night his candle was covered, doubtless, more being covered to match snowshoes for many hours since last it had been checked by a visit from the outside world.

The next day a chinook wind came and its warm breath made snowshoes melt to impossible. Fortunately I found that my new acquaintances had built himself a dug-out canoe and I was able to enlist the services of both canoe and canoe.

So for twenty miles we treated the swift current of the Thompson with paddle and with paddle, now lying up rapids and now cutting through low blockades until on the fourth day an impossible frozen jam put us and in this means of travel. Landed with my pack on the bank I watched my latest



On board North Thompson River.

Driving down to a marsh.

companion's return a little wistfully. His land led the paddie just for an instant to wear a luxurious good-bye as he slipped out of sight around a curve in the river, and I was again alone.

"BACK-TRACKING" EXPERIMENTS.

The fringe of landrears was soon forgotten in the good open forest meadow, showing where only a frosty north wind had hardened the surface. These events became too interesting for that. The mouth of the Athabasca was gained in its deep opening of snow, and soon the punting brought me land of the river involved that I was of my way.

There are few incidents less to the taste on the trail than "back-tracking," especially on a glaciated snow-slide, but such is north, and not west. The meadows which skirted the river had to be climbed and cow headings taken with what grace I could muster, despite my impatience. For the journey to Bella Coola, my distant goal on the coast, would be a long one, and each delay made that objective point seem more remote.

The Athabasca's mouth found, I waded the Thompson and again faced my destination. Northwest my course was now laid up the Athabasca and across the Coast Range to the head waters of the Fraser.

For the following three weeks my Indian companions roamed me in good stead. Each small game as I encountered in the frozen valley went to replenish my rapidly shrinking provisions, and camps were made only where night overtook me. Many tributary streams joined me. On ice bridges and by falling trees I crossed and returned only too often to find that I must reverse my steps. But I suppose such incidents have no proper place in a "true" sportsman's reminiscence. Otherwise I often wonder how many of

we would repeat our periodic visits to the wilds?

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

Turning the snowy Athabasca Pass I was forced to enter the Cache River while still in the wastelands in evidence, and on April 28th crossed the low divide between the Cache and Fraser rivers. The picturesque bosoms of the Teton and Cache were the first assurance that my campsite had not misled me. There, indeed, was the "Innocent village" marked on my map, and, most reassuring of all, a rhythmic beating of lawns indicated that the Indians were at home.

The melancholy drumming started at my call and the little Cree settlement faded out an instant to reveal the white stranger. A slender young savage peered dully across for me, and I was not without qualms to the largest bones, when I supposed and judged, grateful enough for the rule brevity. Myself, my host, who turned out to be a chief among them, and apart during the night and waited with quiet dignity, in accordance with strict Indian etiquette until all had finished before parting of the meal. A few glances were the quickening effect of even this savage company after the homeless men's plights. In the universal Chinook of the northwest we exchanged my brief words as we smoked our pipes. There was the quiet Hupai, genuine and grimly fearful by the fright, his industries again, who worked incessantly at making moccasins as he pulled at her stone bowl. Louie, her brother, and the white guest—such on his blanket around the central fire while the smoke rose in a thin line column to the tepid zone. So far into the night we slept in huge comfort, then each drew his blanket around him and slept.

At the first ray of daylight I arose from the light sleep of the stranger in a strange land. My companion still sleeping, their heads downstill after their work, I slipped out from the edge of the house and with one and rifle set out in search of timber for a paddle of my own design. The Cache settlement, the only Cree in British Columbia, and as old as its history, may have been great hunters and trappers but they were not the consumers of the Chinook tribes. From that half-dream day-out since I chose one which would meet requirements and was soon busy having cut a paddle after the model of the Chinook. Grants of surprise not unmet with contempt I brought forth, for, moreover a conservation more marked than in these most primitive crafts. But I was bound for his deep waters of the great lower river where they never ventured and where their slender poles would be little more than incense.

NEW COMRADES IN ADVENTURE.

While thus preparing for the long canoe trip there occurred one of these strangely rare coincidences of the trail. A new adventure had reached in from Edmonton over the Yellowhead Pass. The talking of a score of days brought the first things. Then a young back appeared, running, and while he talked rapidly all eyes were turned toward me with apparent curiosity as Myrean seemed "Why this man chosen?"

I think I did not disappoint them by my demonstrations. When they overtook me in my haste to meet the Cache I believe I was shaking his hand with much the same breadth of grin as the acquaintance of the Blue River had provided.

It was a brown and bearded young Newfound who swung his heavy pack to ground and returned my greeting. With the characteristic self-possession of the mountain-bred he had fought a

hard battle to gain a point from which he had no idea how he must proceed, as it was with apparent gratitude that he took her paddle with me. To this chance meeting I shall never know how much I myself must owe, for subsequent acquaintance with the rebels proved them to be distinctly a two-man job, and inasmuch as I had set out to carry it through alone it is highly probable that I am indebted to him for something more than his excellent company. The river had deemed some sixteen victims.

Swift, shallow water characterized the river for the first fifteen miles, and our little craft had many close calls among the rocks and "mosses" down the sharp turns of the stream. Rapid followed rapid, each turn calling for quick judgment and quick action as the tiny canoe rode along to the northwest. The speed equals the fondness of the newcomers for it must be remembered that the entire trip covered the greater the speed that was to be maintained to keep the necessary storage buoyancy.

SECOND DAY DOWNSTREAM.

The second day downstream ended the problem of food supply. We were at our breakfast when a persistent splashing in the river attracted our attention. A large bull outboard had waded out on a sand bar where he was actually taking his early morning splash. A beautiful picture he made in the morning light, proud of pines and confident in his long crooked silhouette. The distance was about two hundred yards. Our rifles cracked together, both shots being effective. The surprised animal whirled completely around, then plunged heavily into the river, and by the time we had waded into our canoe and paddled up to meet him he was dead, one shot having secured his jaw with.



Indian canoe boat, Cache River, Thompson.

After leaving Moose River, some eighty miles down the Fraser the great game belt in the Province begins. Evidently I photographed at close range a caribou which had taken to the river at our approach. Thus caught at our mercy he stood superbly, proving a pretty subject for the lens. We held the frightened quarry in midstream for a trifling of swift water, then headed him across and took a final exposure as he dashed up the bank.

About a mile further on we were caught upon a gravel bar, and while thus delayed what was our surprise to see our late friend the caribou in midstream, swimming up as though for dear life. His particular interest when in danger seemed to be keeping to the water and he was true to it in later. Again we drove him upon the bar, and the last we saw of him he was still

swimming on from the bank with head and tail erect in a posture of uncertainty whether or not to plunge into the icy river.

More as well as caution were very plentiful at this point. About an hour's travel from Kanan Creek, on the following day the portage of eight to the head of the river was dictated by the most accurate. Nothing a step longer on the east bank we landed to survey the surrounding country and from its top sighted a herd of eight moose gathered peacefully in a nearby meadow. After hurriedly placing a few poles at the river, in the lodge, an hour's patient stalking on hands and knees through several inches of moss and water brought the animals there and within about seventy feet of three fine specimens.

The task of stalking big game with the camera is quite as interesting as with for more difficult than with the rifle. Still, wind and rain must be taken into consideration and a shot can only be had when a picture cannot be taken, so I learned to my keen disappointment when I developed my films. Needless to say all of these huge beasts became might easily have been shot from my position but the pictures proved to be unfortunately timed in spite of my excellent confidence in half a dozen exposures of these splendid subjects. I left them still in the develop to live disturbed from the glimpses they had of me that they had only tried a low handed yardstick.

Continuing downstream the pace required on hunting. On the following afternoon, shortly before reaching the Little Stukely River we stopped. Being at its evening camp on the body of a moose at the river's edge. Two shots from midstream at so perfect a mark were unnecessary but proved to be inoperative. The effective shot the huge animal settled without even pulling from



On the second day the problem of food supply was solved.



The author is an expert in canoe work.



Cutting through the ice jam on the North Thompson River.



When events became too interesting to be ignored.

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A General Strike

A French Writer's Idea on Labor Day.
What Would Happen if Everyone Struck Work?

LABOR DAY in European countries is celebrated on May 1st and not on September 1st. The celebration is regarded somewhat differently in the two continents. Here the day is set apart to glorify the dignity of labor and is celebrated in by employers and by the community in general; but in Europe it is regarded rather as a police station by the workers of the rights of labor, in a spirit of hostility to the employer or capitalist, and it is not generally recognized.

Less than twenty years ago the day was held forward to show some unity by the police as the chief national rifle, and in Paris' markets stores were kept in readiness at various centres, the streets were all strewn with sand to prevent the cavalry horses from slipping and citizens were warned not to occupy the streets. All preparations in fact were made as if for some anticipated revolution.

The day is regarded as a day of celebration for workers and syndicates—i.e. general strike for one day at St. Louis. Paris puts it in an article in *L'Espresso* paper. Maurice Fauguet is a member of the American Federation and his ideas on the subject, which were reported about the light in which the European Labor Holiday is regarded by the general public in Europe.

The first of May, he writes, was formerly the day of spring, the day of flowers, it devoted his approach of summer and the desire of summer breezes and sunshine. It is still all this for one reason: change the seasons had it is now something in addition. About fifteen or rather twenty years ago as a product of the movement of the various European nations decided that on the First of May of each year there should be a general strike. It is said this does not mean any general suspension of work, but only a holiday which the working classes have decided to grant themselves. Each man, being forward, takes steps to see that he will have enough to eat for the day, nothing else matters.

This democratic and social First of May in Europe is the first place it is only observed by a proportionally small number of workers, and although it costs to be taken even a shadow over the extreme of the month of June, it is free from any sort of disguise. It is less serious and threatening than it possibly is.

If however in the organization and its accompanying it is content of any disturbing thoughts, it gives us, in any case, matter for reflection. It is a general holiday for one day, and for one day only: it is day, too, from being passed, but at the

same time it is characteristic of what a general strike would be, if it were really passed, and if it were to last for any length of time.

Now let us think for a moment what would a general strike that should last for any considerable length of time really be? The first result would be a return to a fairly simple life for primitive conditions. It would be a great step backward. So far backward in fact that we shall have more difficulty even in imagining its results.

The state of society under the present system is that while one man is engaged in one kind of work, another is engaged in another kind, and each man derives his livelihood from the work of the other, ten other workers, while the work he himself does benefits at least his others. Let us suppose I am a baker, and I have to have seed of the bread which I make in order to do it. I, as the other hand, have seed of wheat, wheat, bread, a horse, a kitchen, meat, vegetables, house and land, ten different workers supply me with all these, and if these ten have need of me, I have equally need of these ten.

The day on which everyone says "Let us do no more work." We shall still need the same things, each person will be compelled to do the work of the ten workers in ten different trades. If the baker, will have to make his bread-making—*for myself only*, it is true, but I must continue to make bread, but in addition I shall have to make my clothes, I must make my own food, fashion my own tools, build myself a house, put together a bed, make kitchen utensils, get coal for myself, grow vegetables, make boots and a hat. I must be my carpenter, the mill worker, a baker, tailor, cobbler, blacksmith, shoemaker, carpenter, miller, butcher, miller and baker, in order to make all things all of which would be absolutely necessary to me.

Is it possible? Certainly, our forefathers had to live in this way, but as far as we are concerned it must have been a very poor way of living and they could not have lived much time in this way to be done and done in the fields.

Do you know what was Robinson Crusoe's first thought when he awoke and found himself on his desert island? I know his first word. It said, "There has been a general strike." Of course! For from day to day he was supplied, easily to enable him to live, by all the ten different trades; any one of them. The only conclusion he could possibly arrive at was that he must have been in a general strike.

To find an use in help you in return for helping them—this is a general strike. It is to provide yourself for your ten different requirements and consequently to be obliged to work in ten different trades—that is the actual definition of a general strike. A general strike would thus make us so many Robinson Crusoes. We should not be an entirely helpless Robinson Crusoe, as much as he was, but we should be.

From a certain point of view the idea of a general strike is a pleasure. Each man would be a king. No one to order or obey; no one to bother. As Robinson Crusoe said (and he has been recorded): But the place side of the world is necessary to him. It is a reality, not

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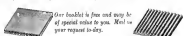
It had to come—business managers of to-day cannot tolerate waste in any department, consequently the old cumbersome wooden-box with the heavy freight charges, damaged goods and unsatisfactory delivery had to give place to the

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Influence of France and New York.

To take the French mood as an English body is attempted by many a philosopher to which is commonly added the distinction popular to New York.

It is invidious, of course, that foreign influences have mainly affected the tastes of the London season. Up to some thirty years ago London was the central magnet of the country, and the season would be described as having then lost the "fashion" of society. The facilities for education were very limited compared to those at our disposal, men and women who lived in the provinces were seldom enabled to meet any but neighbors. A week or two spent in London during the season afforded them special opportunities for making acquaintance, often providing fresh capital of friendship, with the many possibilities which might be effected in it.

"The Revolution of the Wheel" would be an excellent title for an article, he who discerned the wheel was undoubtedly the Adam of Progress. The cart, carriage, railway, cycle, and motor-car have in turn greatly altered the conditions of life and affected most circumstances and interests. For the purposes of intercourse today it is less necessary for the country to go to London than for London to go to the country. There is no slow time for the cyclist now, he may be followed in the hills, through rivers, and moor, Paris, Monte Carlo, and the remotest nooks of the north. He is followed; the modern Englishman has the means of his acquaintance.

Parade of the Unemployed.

is used. This appetizing preserve is made by the best process from the finest ripe fruit and pure cane sugar, and is not only delicious in flavor but it is a very nourishing and easily-digested food. The whole family will like it.

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tells there is their proper and only destination. Practically every river and pond, stream and creek, in Europe has seen, we know that many miles of water lie between the spawning-grounds of the species and their extreme western limits. By what means, then, could the even distribution of charrs over our islands and the entire Continent be maintained when it is that those wonderful life creates each returns to the native waters of their parents when they have left behind an offspring? It is, of course, impossible to do more than surmise as problems of this sort, for there is no way by which our conclusions can be put to the test and checked. And the deeper one probes into the relationship of life at the sea's life, so much the more in the imagination stirred by those marvellous wonders which would yet be hidden behind the main which evolved so many of Nature's unfathomable ways.

Drinking Tea With Queens

Interesting Notes From the British Royal Family's Private Life

IN the old days at Marlborough House, when the late King was Prince of Wales, says a writer in the *Daily Mirror*, the exclusive afternoon tea parties given by the then Princess of Wales to her most intimate friends in the celebrated "Marlborough House" were a special and most delightful feature of the royal life.

The queen, Queen Alexandra, has received the form of entertainment, though actually Her Majesty's guests are strictly limited in number and are confined to members of the Royal family or those invited with Queen Alexandra's most intimate friends.

Afternoon tea when guests are present is usually served in the late Saloon, one of the most beautiful apartments in Marlborough House.

It is one of the queen's reception rooms on the first floor, and Queen Alexandra is particularly interested herself in its furnishing when Marlborough House was being rearranged for The Majesty after King Edward's death.

The room is full of interesting things. On a large table near the fireplace there is a book of choice dainties, but by means of a system which always remains Her Majesty's guests. Many of the dainties are particularly a particularly interesting and clever one in a sketch of the present King and Queen done by the Duxbury Engravers of Boston. It was done at Marlborough House shortly after their Majesties' wedding.

Other royal sketches are by the Duchess of Fife, the Queen Empress, and Queen Victoria.

Very a beautiful tapestry picture, a present to Queen Alexandra from the Cossacs, is a case containing part of Queen Alexandra's collection of antique jewelry. It is a precious collection and every but has an authenticated history, some of the French jewels being those of the Dauphine's collection. One of the jewels by the way, an amethyst pendant is the late King; it came apparently from China, but who the donor was never traced.

The most recent addition to the treasury in this beautiful apartment is a clock, said to be five hundred years old. It stands on a table near to the eastern entrance to the apartment.

Afternoon tea is served at four o'clock and is quite an informal entertainment. The guests who would probably not number more than half a dozen arrive a few minutes before the hour, and at four, Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Miss Charlotte Knolly, enters the room. The guests, of course, all rise at the entrance of their Royal hostess and Queen Alexandra shakes hands with each.

Tea is generally poured out by Miss Knolly, though if the moment arises, she herself is sometimes performed by Queen Alexandra. The cakes, sandwiches, etc., are handed round by one or two of the younger members of Queen Alexandra's household, who are usually in attendance on such occasions.

It should perhaps be explained that with the exception of Mrs. Knolly, there are no new permanent members of Queen Alexandra's household. Members whose presence may be required are notified of the fact and they go to Marlborough House in the morning.

The usual afternoon tea service was at Marlborough House in one that was a present from Queen Victoria to Queen Alexandra when Her Majesty became engaged to King Edward. It is an old-fashioned service that was once in the possession of Queen Charlotte and is probably the most valuable of the many tea services in the place now at Marlborough House.

Among the most frequent guests at afternoon tea at Marlborough House are the Marquis of Wiltshire and Lady Wiltshire, who are both old friends of Queen Alexandra.

The Princess Mary is a very constant guest at afternoon tea; the Princess a personal friend of the late Queen Victoria. When by her presence, but occasionally come with one of her older friends.

King George and Queen Mary are, of course, also very constant guests at afternoon tea at Marlborough House, but when Their Majesties are present there are several other guests except members of the Royal family.

In the summer time, when the weather is very fine Queen Alexandra and Miss Knolly usually leave the room for the conservatory when by themselves, and Her Majesty frequently goes through a portion of her correspondence here in the summer afternoon, but guests are not admitted in the conservatory.

Queen Alexandra, when in London, receives many more guests at afternoon tea than she does by her presence at afternoon tea at this house.

Her Majesty's hostess is notified in the morning of Queen Alexandra's intention of leaving the room for the conservatory, and the lady so honored must, of course, defer herself then to all other callers. This is an admirable rule of etiquette. But anyone who is in the royal entrance parlors and saloons.

In this connection a rather amusing incident may be recalled which was worth telling. It happened in the late reign.

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Stanstead College—Lodge, Stanstead.

Queen Alexandra went one afternoon to tea with a friend who, of course, instructed her servant to carry her to other salons whilst Her Majesty was with her. Now the servant had only recently entered the lady's service and was not very familiar apparently with the appearance of Royal personages, and he therefore carried out his mistress' instructions rather too precisely.

It happened that whilst Queen Alexandra of Fife was called, her Royal Highness was greatly informed that she could not see the lady when she called on as the Queen was with her.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said the Duchess of Fife with a laugh, "I am sure she will see me," and then, seeing the doubtful look on the servant's face she added, "The Queen is my mother!"

This announcement induced the servant to enter the Royal roller upstairs, though the doubtful look still lingered on his face and didn't quite relax until he observed the manner of the greeting that took place between his mistress and the Royal visitor.

Invitations to afternoon tea at Marlborough House are by the way generally given personally by His Majesty, but even if the invitation is written by Miss Knollys it is never given in the form of a command. It is couched in the informal language a lady would naturally employ in giving a friend a quite informal entertainment.

It is the custom for anyone who is Marlborough House to write her last name in the visitor's book on her arrival. This is a custom adhered to at all Royal residences. The old visitors' books at Marlborough House contain a collection of autographs that form one of the most valuable of such collections in the world. The signatures of practically all the most notable people in every country in the world may be found in these books.

In King Cheng's, the German Emperor's, Lord Kitchener's, Mark Twain's, Gladstone's, are some of the signatures that one may find in placing over these autographed pages.

On one page over the name "Cliff" written twice; the first signature got faded, and the last did not show the right price, so he insisted on writing his name again.

The conservatory has, by the way, a particular interest for the King and Queen, for, for a year or more, the Royal couple used to meet very frequently when King Alfred rode to this country in the summer of 1905 to pay his debt to the Princess. In a few days, of course, Marlborough House was occupied by the present King and Queen, and the Princess of Wales went down to see the Princess. Her Majesty went to see the Royal visitor. The was served in the conservatory, there was seldom any other guests, and after the Princess of Wales and performed her duties as hostess the lovers were usually left to entertain themselves.

A Territorial Army's Hard Fight

(Continued from Page 61.)

clearing the field, as it were, and making the military condition of the straggling army good.

Up to twenty or twenty-five years ago this was the general mode of treatment. Since then new and more sustaining methods have been evolved.

Method No. 1 is not sufficient and the battle still goes badly for the defence the doctor now uses his second method and introduces a new force, mostly extracts of the tincture, which are aimed to give the straggling army the necessary boost to get it on its feet again. Here is where the serum, antitoxin and such like come in.

There is a very decided difference in the process of preparation of these two classes of germ light—antitoxin as they are called—though the method of action in the human body are much the same.

We use all more or less familiar with the method of preparation of smallpox vaccine. The germs of the disease are injected in doses of increasing strength into a horse, or on other animal till it becomes immune from attacks of that particular disease and the resulting condition, of changed form, and nature the vaccines placed by vaccination or injection in the human body are as an antidote to the germs of the original disease so that when its attack comes they have no effect. All the antitoxins are prepared according to precisely the same theory and process, differing only in minor details.

The serum is sold in containers containing the disease germ itself. A small quantity of the vaccine is placed in an agent which permits rapid development and multiplication. Then preparations of the resulting substance containing the microbe—though these, particularly strong, are used, through sterilization, are injected into the body and carried by the blood to help in the warfare against the acting, living germs. This latter was the principle followed by the much-maligned Dr. Friedman, who it will be remembered, claimed to have developed a variation of tuberculin in the blood of cattle, which being injected into the body of the patient, would successfully combat the kind germs. Unfortunately Dr. Friedman's other long-cherished investigations, and efforts in arriving at the proper solution. His secret didn't do his work.

Of course the first principle in this comparatively recent treatment of disease is to get the first item in the recipe for making yourself each year. First of all the germs of the par-

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Have you used Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick? If not, you have missed the acme of shaving stick perfection.

The Holder-Top Stick produces the abundant and soothing lather that characterizes all of Williams' shaving preparations.

The nicked holder, in which one end of the stick is fastened, enables you to hold the stick easily and firmly from first to last, and your fingers need never touch the soap.

Four forms of the same good quality:

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- Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick
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After shaving use
Williams Talc Powder

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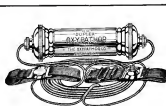
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During the coming season a visit providing accommodation for twenty boys from 10 to 18 years of age. Application for admission at the beginning of next term should be made early.

For information and other information, write to Mr. R. H. BERNARD, M.A., Head Master, 1111 York Street, Rothesay, N.B.

told about cabbage, with all the chest cages he sold. It's just like running down your best friend."

"The word failed, and her mind's thoughts of more pleasant things. She glanced at the clock and decided not to raise the cups, but to dry them at once, and so have done with dishes as soon as possible in order to spend the extra minutes on her toilette."

She ran the carpet-sweeper over the rooms, bumping and bumping into the furniture in her haste at such a rate that Lew put his head in from the door. "Take an' go!" he advised.

"His wife stopped. "There are times Lew, when I get real peeved at you."

"Farrin, you mean."

"No, not peevish, peeved, and this is one of the times."

"What's the name of the guy the bank the man out of matrimony?" said Lew peacefully, and withdrew.

"Capit!" called Mrs. Ritsch, never leaving her apron and turning to be drawing table with a little smile.

An hour later, Frode sat at her type writer, not too busy to see all who passed her desk, though Mr. Hiram Oakes was certain she did not see him until he stood beside her and had spoken to be present, for her hand was bent and he was typing figures were pouring a electric storm upon her machine.

Mr. Oakes had been a regular customer for some time. He was fifty-five his sparse hair was a sandy gray, he had deep furrows in his leathery cheeks there was a slight stoop to his tall body and his small eyes had the spirit of the man who has lived out of doors as long as he has lived in.

He wore diamonds, but his clothes had been pulled down a pile in some second-hand store and he walked off the clock-bumping stride of an unbalanced farmer. He called Frode, "Miss Ritsch, and the whole world could see that he regarded her as the same as a close-mouthed, womanizer, and goodman."

She welcomed him cordially, kept him waiting five minutes for the sale of policy, explained briefly for the same reason, and then they retired down to the basement of letters.

Mr. Oakes was sometimes slow in finding words to express his meaning. Frode would often make small suggestions, and sometimes she would call out some of his western correspondents of the trail of an eccentric tannery. He paid the daisy-eyed typist for her work the usual fee—and then announced that this ended their dealings, for he was leaving in an hour for the winter. "The manner in which Frode took the news of the loss of her best patron married her as a thoroughbred, if only she had known it."

Almost in an afterthought, as casually as he drew his heavily breath, Hiram Oakes tendered his gift, a token of his great esteem. Then he shook hands with the astounded Frode and

and so, besides everything else, he felt a keen sense of gratitude.

Since he had never presumed in the slightest degree, Frode sometimes cracked little jokes with him and this morning she repeated Lew's query as to who took the mount out of matrimony.

Her customer laughed in his silent fashion. Then he got upon his thin shanks and thoughtfully brushed his hat with his sleeve. "That's pretty close, Miss Ritsch, but speaking of taking a name in that last letter, reminds me—did you know that newspaper's Paper in half past five?" Frode lifted her brow in a gentle and Oakes chuckling, stroll of away.

Lew's morning had not been so pleasantly employed. He had spent it in worriedly combing his beard for an idea as to how to raise the money to pay a note about due.

The chief weakness of Frode's husband was speculation and, in secret, he had been indulging it and had succeeded in losing all of the money he had.

There was a lot of stock colored and coming in every day and no money to settle for it, or credit to delay the day of settling.

Ritsch was afraid of an upheaval if Frode should discover her things stood and altogether, he was an over-ambitious trader upon margins as could be found in any reinvest affected by the share.

Finally he selected the best cigar from his stock and setting himself at the back of the store, proceeded to read the stock reports in glowing terms, while himself carefully that things were never so bad but what they could be worse and that surely after such a run of ill-luck as he had suffered lately, a slice of good must be near.

He came to this conclusion at about the same time that his wife finished Mr. Oakes' letter, which was also the time that Mr. Oakes at length decided upon a purchase which had taken some time and considerable thought.

Just before the noon hour Mr. Oakes returned for his letters. He looked them over carefully, and signed them in the quiet and privacy found which he had not seen of his western correspondents of the trail of an eccentric tannery. He paid the daisy-eyed typist for her work the usual fee—and then announced that this ended their dealings, for he was leaving in an hour for the winter.

The manner in which Frode took the news of the loss of her best patron married her as a thoroughbred, if only she had known it."

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lifted his clod-hopping feet from her presence forever.

Mrs. Ritnick dropped into her chair and examined the contents of the velvet case she held in her hand. It held a five-pointed brooch, patterned after a starfish apparently, and all together with the light held only by fine diamonds, of a very goodly size indeed. "And I thought he was stingy!" said she to herself.

"He will keep handsome on my new velvet waist—But what will Lew say?" By the time only had made its edacious pretensions known in the classroom. Would he not be critical and inclined to be usually jealous husband believe in the purity of Miriam Oakes' intentions? What business had he to give a public demagogue diamonds?

Would Lew accept as gospel her story that Mr. Oakes thought her "Miss" Ritnick, because he had misinterpreted the prefix at first, and she had not troubled to correct him?

Freda thought of a host of similar questions and, while her rage mounted at the very thought of being asked them, her conscience would tell her that they were natural questions.

She put the brooch in her purse and betook herself to a quiet place for some business. She settled herself to the sewing of the new pants as if it had been a problem in cake and by the time her French-fryl questions and lunch check were demolished she had the answer.

Mr. Ritnick, over a glass of beer, two Swiss cheese sandwiches and a fill of water, was half-nodding at the corner bar with the baker. "Well!" said he of the milk and pie. "You look away down in der mud!" Ritnick, it der lanes of rose gave up already again once. "Things go bad sometimes," answered Lew loudly.

"Cheer up. All things work together for good."

Lew laughed. "Yes they do—not."

And he trudged back to his office shop. Freda made haste to reach home early at the end of her day's work at the hotel, and she took more than usual pains with the evening meal, restraining her hot impetuosity to try her charms and they were half through dinner. When just the right instant came, she laid down her fork drearily.

"Lew, I found something. Wait till I get it. I don't know whether it's good or not, but you will." She went to her room and returned with the brooch which she put down on the cloth beside her husband's plate.

"Found?" He turned the jewel over and over in his hand absently.

"Yes, Lew, I was walking alone, coming home to-night, and I heard my foot strike against something on the sidewalk, and I looked and here was

this. I don't suppose it's any good—do you?" But even with it into a place of luxury. Her ladies screamed her eyes and her voice and thus were so perfectly controlled that Lew's suspicions were not aroused. Instead, he was anxious not to arouse her, for he had seen at a glance that what she took for worthless paste was something very different.

He tossed the brooch onto the table and went on with his coffee. "It's glass, I guess," he said indifferently.

"Now I don't know about that, Lew. Maybe it might be so. Don't you remember about that woman that found a string of diamonds and thought they were glass until somebody sold her her lot, and she got a big reward? It would be a fine thing for us if we could get a reward, and anyway, you know I've been lucky for a diamond pin all my life. I want you to take it to Mrs. Seavale, your seamstress friend, and ask him, I'll know. I'll mind the stars if you want to go tonight."

Ritnick glanced at first, but finally allowed Freda to coax him into going, but he craftily contrived to make her think that he accepted more for the sake of a kind saying and a chat with his old friend, than because he believed, for an instant that the stones in the pin were anything more valuable than window glass.

Mrs. Ritnick closed away the remains of the meal and waited upon chance customers in a spirit of suppressed laughter.

How easily fooled Lew was. She need not have worried as instant about that. How his eyes would open when he found out the value of Miriam Oakes' gift, but, now it was forever too late to tell him the real truth about it. Well, no matter, it was a pity, in some ways, but now it was done, it must be stuck by as much as what came or went. After all, this was only a small thing to have upon her conscience and except for it, the brooch was innocent of all stain.

She waited just a little bit, that she had not asked Lew to take the brooch to Ritnick, it had turned out to be quite unnecessary, and now she thought of it, might not Lew want to sell it? Let him try it! Well, she meant to finish it herself.

Time passed, Lew was a long time returning but sometimes after eleven he arrived. Freda looked up with a smile. "Hello, Lew, what did Seavale say?"

"Just what I did. The thing was nothing but glass, the nearest thing of a fake. I find it was the first time I came to on my way back but I know now I would be disappointed so I laugh at it for fun."

Ritnick handed her a tiny gold watch.

Freda looked at him in speechless amazement. Her husband's mind of

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reflexive, just his arms around her. "That is mild golf, Freds, and good. I threw that other thing in the sewer because I was afraid you might want to wear it and if I don't give you diamonds myself, I'm not going to have you wearing pants. Now, go to bed, you look awful tired."

Freds ditched the wife-beater tight in her hand and let her lip sleeping without concern of any sort whatever.

Mr. Rittick returned to the stage and closed up for the night. Then he retired to a corner where he would be safe from surprise. Even his wife and comrade spent the night in his room which he had exchanged the lamp. It was more than enough to pay his obligations and, already, he had made up his mind in which state to spend the balance. "Yes," he said to himself as he thumped out the last light, "the baker is right. 'All things work together for good.'"

The Little Color Touches

They Have a Manner Which White

By GENEVIEVE

HAVE you ever noticed how many women are disappointed? Some of them living luxurious lives like self-fueled Persian kittens are possibly complacently, discontented; others tirelessly doing duty on their own peculiar obscure treadmill are silently pining. So we will not try to analyze the situation of the first class, but when we begin to study the problem of the second, we do not wonder that she sometimes seems to feel her house narrowing about her. Yet in the majority of cases those women are house makers, queens in that realm which is supposed to be the ideal sphere of a womanhood. Why have they lost the enthusiasm with which they entered it? I think there is just one explanation when they entered, the whole work was asked for them with the varying aesthetic taste of residents. Those have been allowed to do out. Life has turned gray and monotonous about them because it has been denied the little color touches that cast a glow over the commonplace. Of course these women never tell you that they are so satisfied. They would be ashamed to admit it even to themselves; but all we see is the quiet half-grown smile, which occasionally escapes their view of life, in the way in which the mechanical performance of duty tasks absorbs all their interest, and very, very often in the gradual fading of nerve and health. Then we begin to wonder what is the matter. The

general explanation is overwork, but it is not overwork alone, or rather it is overwork alone, just that without anything else, without the little color touches that would have brightened it and given her a song in her heart to carry her above the drudgery of it.

And the reason that these little illustrations do not have a larger place in our home life is just because of the common practice we seem to have of not giving our best to the home folk. The world demands that constantly and the supply has about run out before we get home at night, yet one of our family treasures must come to us then all the rest of the world put together. When a man goes out to be thronged or to do "road work," he makes an effort to be pleasing, whether he feels like it or not, but if he is tired when he comes home, he may not be so careful to hide an ill-humor. The same may be true of his wife, but unfortunately a not so likely to be a woman's tendency is in the complacency about her. I think I have been judged a little harshly ever since the time of Job's wife. Personally I have a wonderful respect for Mrs. Job and I find her a type of many women of the present day. "We received a word of complaint from her at all her husband's financial losses, though she may have been even desirous of sympathy, but when she did give sympathy to her feelings, which while they were far from being admirable or commendable, were really just the result of her love for her husband and impatient at his sufferings, then we are ready to regard her as another affliction. Job had some troubles, but he was saved the plague of a complacent wife."

Then there are other things that cast a shadow yet mean so much. Take marriage, for example. We all know how to be polite and are perfectly polite to strangers, but at home we often neglect the first principles of courtesy. A young man meets a girl on the street and spurs no pains to take it to her. It is to be married, the girl knows she has a year later as would she with her hands in her pockets and merely say, "Hello." The rule is the same with numerous little things going up every day. Now, you may think this is much ado about nothing, at George Gilbert expressed the truth very modestly when he said, "Politeness is like an air-machine. There may be nothing in it, but it keeps the joints working." It is like over the land lanes, for land planes there always are and always will be, in other words, it defines the monotony of the road with the noise watches.

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stronger mood gracefully and glibly
became suddenly embarrassed and
tongue-tied when they thought of a
person as least appreciation to
member of their own family? It was
seem to be a law of family effort
that we take things, the pleasant thing
for granted. About as deep as a man
can generally go when he wants to be
himself that she looks like, is "Who
did you get that dress?" and it was
seen that the practice of paying no
pleasure at home were a lost art, he
said that might yet be learned. He has
not been afraid of committing himself
through says it would be no sin
even worship a woman's hat, but as
a net made in the likeness of an
thing in the heavens above or the ear
beneath or the waters under the earth
We are such gods in these matters
What would cost us nothing, in the
what in our hearts we want to say
I cause we feel it, would change the oil
of a whole day for someone we re-
spected,—"if we would only express it."

And there are the other little old
memories, the keeping of birthdays as
unconventional, the good times at the
table that leave their impression in big
little gifts on the gray road as we
leave it behind us,—the stories we to
and the books we read together, I
wonder we sang as we crowded into
the train when we were all at home
the Christmas when someone, usual
mother, took such pains to see that
everyone had a good time. In it a
wonder that the older we grow, I
more clinging are the memories of
times we had at home, and is that a
reason enough why children shall
have their best times there, why it
should have mingled with its happy
the deepest impression of reverence
to be natural, but me-
the things not natural, but me-
work while, the things that older I
Howard Bell Wright, in his book, "The
Fosterings," pictures vividly in
these impressions are the greatest as
gained a man or woman can have
piloted them through the things it
come to every life, compassion a
knowledge and ignorance, and dress
and religion and temptation, and I
urge and success and love. Always its
salvation lies in the inspiration of its
yesterday.

The simplest dollar may be the
necessary and altering. The dream
of what we all our work may
streamline, but we cannot afford to
without the little dollar touches

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a leader of nations in cavalry matters
was thereby with the strongest army in
a world around the plain in France
the number of horses used for cavalry
of military purposes. The latter pro-
vide 162,000 head, on a point feeding
the cavalry, the trained unit, once a
number approximately 10, 11,000 head. It
could be observed however, that this mark-
difference is mostly due to the greatly
greater strength of the French in art-
illery," says a writer in *Broderick's Gazette*.
The Ecole d'application de Cavalerie at
saumur, Department of Maine-et-Loire
des from Louis XV, being created in 1771
after Louis XVI the school was supposed
much look of feudal, but was not estab-
lished by the Government. In 1803 a political
look took place at the institution and it
was closed. However, the following year it
was reopened at Versailles, but in 1820 was
moved back to Saumur when it was re-
opened. The school still occupies its build-
ing of the 18th century.

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officers so as to be qualified and able to
execute the most approved methods of
action, instruction and military art
of horsemanship, hygiene of the animal,
evolution and cavalry manoeuvres among
a different corps in which they may be
detached. From 1810 to the American civil
in the United States began to send
cavalry officers to complete a one year's in-
struction at Saumur, but it is only since
a establishment of the modern arm
led at Fort Riley, Kan., that they have
an coming to France regularly.

The work is essentially the same as that
the French cavalry officers. They attend
all the lectures on military tactics,
cavalry and allied subjects, such as
artillery and use of horses, mounted
and dismounted; they are not required to re-
cuse. Instruction in fencing and other phys-
ical exercises is given. In horsemanship,
a daily schedule consists of riding from
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p.m. to 3:15 p.m. From 3:30 to 5 p.m. a
rifle mount is added in military exercises.
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whereas such as commanding a squadron
the presence of an armed enemy are
explained and explained, except in the
when he believes are given in the
the day begins by riding a trained
mounted in the morning, or riding half
day is followed by one and one-half hours
a day (these undergoing its trials).
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at least, except green horses, without
traps. At present they are riding the

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later stage and also manage horses without the help of such aids and related materials and devices. The reason, at present, I suspect every movement which the brain makes three days a week; the other five must come down to order to show what days the horse can do it. Jumping really and thoroughly trained saddle horse may be able to do some things—jumping (often accomplish as the heads of an expert hunter); the latter, however, might be considered less demonstrated. Every-thing else, one might say, or quarter blood, as the proportion of thoroughbred blood in what the French call demi-sang can be recognized by these animals.

JAMES H. BROWN

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References: Union Bank of Canada, Port William, Financial Post of Canada, Toronto

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Real Estate in Calgary is growing. Developments are being made in all directions. The city is growing rapidly. The city is growing rapidly. The city is growing rapidly.

Californians and other foreign groups
Write for particulars
T. J. BENNETT
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We extend a special invitation to investors. Invest your money in Edmonton and make this year. You will never buy any cheaper.

We specialize in Houses and Building Lots.
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A Safe Edmonton Investment.

NORTH BELVEDERE

"WHERE THE PAYROLL WILL TAKE THE POPULATION."

This property is situated in the north-east part of Edmonton—right in the district where values are increasing more rapidly than other section, owing to the fact that the manufacturing concerns are erecting their plants there.

NORTH BELVEDERE

is a perfect building site—every lot being big, dry, level and clear. All lots are 30 x 120 feet or larger. Belvedere have laid out the property is fine with the proposed street car extension.

Price \$250.00 up. Terms 1/4 cash, balance 6, 12 and 24 months.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET OBTAINING PARTICULARS AND FURTHER INFORMATION.

The Griffiths & Duffield Co. 217 Jasper Ave. East EDMONTON

"The Home of the Shrewd Investor."

the river. At least tell me what you have learned. I must know."

"Very well," the man, taking a step near the mill and without looking over his back. Briefly she explains what her father had told her a bit later.

She really disappointed, even though receiving something of no interest to her. Lawrence, as the man is known, was so rightly, starting at a girl's back.

As to the personality of his father, the old, the fat his back in the succeeding waves and the his back to his cheeks and neck.

When the first thrust of the miller became cruel, his sensations were those of horror, quickly followed by a terrible shock, but he did not know when the girl started speaking.

The old, implacable loyalty to a unknown, even hated, father was completely submerged in the flood of a revelation of Canada's story.

The girl, finding him silent, turns her back and looks toward the mill. But her features relaxed, and a smile came to her face.

"Yes," she finally said, "there nothing that can be done. He was born in here, and I will remain a father forever rather than allow it to go to his mind within his possession."

Lawrence did not move, did not speak, nor was there a change in his position.

Moved by the misery which she has to be, she, the unconsciously stirred forth a hand and said:

"I'm sorry, Larry, sorry."

He looked up and caught at her, but she withdrew it quickly, a step back.

"But there must be something it, that I can do," he exclaimed as he, disregarding her remark and said:

"I am going back at once, as Canada is my friend. I think I can do something—something that will set you and your father—that will set you free again. I'll start now, as I know I can do it."

"You can't start until you are better, and what can you do?"

"Listen! After my mother died, father tried to have me sent to live with him. I refused. My mother her, with, my father could not do it."

"A year after I had refused, he was again, asking me to go to him. As I refused. Each succeeding year he pushed the point."

"When I was in college he wrote that he would do anything I asked only I would go to live with him."



Do you want a money-maker on the coast? Do you want a money-maker on the coast? Do you want a money-maker on the coast? Do you want a money-maker on the coast? Do you want a money-maker on the coast?

MAKES FOR THE PARTICIPATION IN THESE INDUSTRIES BEING RAPIDLY.

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on account of the demand for ready money I am able to convert your funds, small or large, at a valuation of from 80 to 90 per cent, repaying over terms of six, ten or fifteen years to suit.

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Your security is the title to the property in your own name and in addition the repayment of loans is personally guaranteed.

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Progress should have a credit which should be made. The first step should be made. The first step should be made.

Watch \$25.00—Watch \$40.00

Both Express and Air. Money Order. Money Order. Money Order.

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"He would be so good to anything, would abide by any stipulation I would make, if only he could have me now him."

"He would insist on nothing except that I remain where he said, and we occasionally, could ask with me. Otherwise I would be free."

"I never replied to any of his letters. But each year since his first offer of unconditional acceptance of my terms I might make, he has repeated it."

"I received the last only last winter when my mail was forwarded to Ontario house. I am now going straight back to Chicago, and accept."

"No, Larry, you can't. I won't allow it. Father and I will take care of ourselves."

"But I owe it to you. You and your father have suffered enough as the result of father's sins. It is my duty, and I am going."

"But can be be treated to keep himself."

The delivery of what evidence he has to his possession will be my terms. And, if he refuses, I will go there anyhow. I am going to make this right at any cost, Uncle. And, when I have, can I move back and tell you?"

"The girl started back in undignified distress from the impetuous, eager face of the young man."

She thought of the day and the night they had spent together on the river, and then she thought of her father, of the long years of suffering, of sorrow, and of what he had done for her.

She thought of the man who had caused it all, who had driven her father from all that he meant to her, the man whose every existence was an insult to her.

She looked at the youth before her, the son of this man. And so she pictured in her mind this monster, there, smiling with the gleam of victory, the gleam of the cold, dark dawn of only a day, or was it a year, before, of a young man looking over his face, strong, lean, for his, his face drawn and haggard, the blood dried on his skin.

She thought of the man who had caused it all, who had driven her father from all that he meant to her, the man whose every existence was an insult to her.

Her face became expressionless, but there was pain in her eyes when she answered in a broken tone:

"No, don't come back."

She turned and went into the house immediately.

Lawrence had not seen her again until, at dinner the next day, she passed over, his own daughter with pain at each stroke.

CHAPTER VIII

At 8:30 o'clock the morning of July 2, a young man entered an elevator in a Chicago skyscraper.

WESTERN INTELLIGENCE ABOUT PORT MOODY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Port Moody, B.C., is a town of 10,000 people, situated on the Fraser River, about 10 miles from Vancouver. It is a busy port, and is the center of the lumber industry in the region. The town is well supplied with all the necessities of life, and is a pleasant place to live.

The town is well supplied with all the necessities of life, and is a pleasant place to live. The town is well supplied with all the necessities of life, and is a pleasant place to live.

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RED DEER

ALBERTA'S NEXT BIG CITY

Has emerged from the shadow of a Town to that of a City. Having been incorporated in the month of June of the year 1910, the town has since that time been growing rapidly.

The town is well supplied with all the necessities of life, and is a pleasant place to live. The town is well supplied with all the necessities of life, and is a pleasant place to live.

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The Prosperity of Saskatchewan Has A Substantial Foundation

Our unusual and continuous prosperity is due to the fact that we produce millions of dollars each year from the soil, and this production is always in demand. Our credit is good because we are producers.

Regina enjoys the fullest advantages of being the biggest and busiest city in this province. This city has grown at the rate of 10,000 increase in population per year. The conditions here is ideal for real estate investments.

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In order to know exactly when a medicine taking plan, you must get facts to back it. This is what

MEDICINE HAT

is really doing

	Amount Invested	Employees	Annual Pay Roll
Business established	\$2,500,000	511	\$1,652,800
Businesses building	\$5,000,000	245	\$1,650,000
	\$5,000,000	258	\$1,652,000
Population, 1908 (estimated)			4,000
Population, 1913 (estimated)			4,400
Population, 1918 (estimated)			4,400
Population, 1923 (estimated)			4,400

NOTE

Now is the time for investment.

The above are the things for a city in energy Medicine Hat. Just think of it, over 10,000 people with an investment of \$10,000,000, exclusive of medicine taking. There is not another like it in Canada. Now don't you think it would be wise to get a plan to invest your money in it as soon as you can? We will be pleased to have you call or write for information regarding our plan here.

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL OF \$250,000

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INVESTORS' EXCHANGE, MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA

E. G. ALLEN J. WILKINSON R. P. JALAN

"What a mistake," he said, and the other stopped, halted by the tone rather than the words.

"Please sit down. We will talk—talk—of several things, first."

For a moment the hardness returned to the other's face.

Then it softened, and, as he returned his chair, the father said, "What is it, Larry?"

"You have agreed, in several letters, that, on condition I return, you will do anything I ask. Is that still good?"

"It always will be, Larry."

"Then I accept. My terms are that you deliver to me, at once, all evidence you have against Franklin Burr."

"What do you want?"

"That's all I know. A month ago I learned it all. I have seen Bert. I tried to have me killed because he thought you had sent me to persecute him."

"Despite all that I have learned about you, all that I always thought about you, I am willing to come to you on condition that you come your persecution of that man, and give me all the evidence you have."

"But, Larry, I don't know what you are talking about," exclaimed the father.

"Look here," exclaimed Lawrence angrily. "If you insist what you said, make good, and do it now. If you don't, I tell you right here that I will get that evidence, no matter what I have to do to get it."

"I won't stop at anything. I would rather die as possibly, as much as I desire the idea of coming to you, but I am desperate. You know that this man an irreparable injury, and now you plan an even greater injury to his daughter."

"I am then said, and, as matter, what you say, and I am going to do that the wrong you have done is right of so far as it is possible. That is final."

Mr. Wilton's amazement gave way to a firm anger.

"Stop that," he exclaimed. "I won't stand that even from you, especially when you talk wildly of some thing of which you know nothing. You appear to be sane, or I certainly would think otherwise. Now listen!"

"I don't know what you are talking about, don't know that Burr, never persecuted him, nor any one else. But I've seen all that, and I am not sure of what you are saying."

The force and energy, the dominion of will, and brain leadership which he made William Waggoner witness as you a force in Chicago financial circles came evident in his crisp, sharp words.

"His son, not expecting such an answer, and, completed, he did not know why, to place more evidence than I

wished in what his father had said, lost much of his poignancy."

But there was still light in him when he said,

"Why you mean to tell me you don't love Franklin Burr?"

"I never knew him personally, although I have heard a great deal of him, especially when he mysteriously disappeared several years ago. What about him?"

Lawrence became a moment.

The old, unexplainable levity to this man when he had not seen for fifteen years returned.

"Had he been killed by Burr and his daughter? The different look gave way to one of hesitation, of doubt, of dread. His father smiled him slowly."

"Come, my son," he said gently, "tell me about it."

And Lawrence, speaking rapidly, nothing past details, giving only the main points of what he knew, of what he had heard, told of his experiences of the last months, of why he had come back to Chicago.

As he spoke it dawned upon him that Burville, as he called by him, may have been a strong side to conceal something else.

He could not believe, as he looked at his father's face, gentle, retreating kindness, that he could have been guilty of what Burr had charged.

Mr. Wilton's face brightened to the story progressed, and, at its end, he smiled across the table at the young man.

"Now, I think I understand now, although I am not certain. The only thing I am certain of is that I am not the man Burr spoke of. But I think I know who he is. With a moment."

He paused a instant, and the nervous little man who had been standing at the door awaiting a call went across Lawrence had burst past him, immediately explained the room.

Mr. Wilton gave a quick order, and a moment later the little man returned with several volumes.

Mr. Wilton turned to several pages a book. As he closed the last there was a slight indication in his eyes.

"You may go," he said to his secretary, and then, after the door had closed: "It is I, I thought, Larry."

"Burr's story is true, but the man you are after is William Wright Wilton, killed with one I."

"He assumes Burr's description, and how just found by looking up his address in those old directories, that last time in Sheridan Road at the time I was disappointed, and that day when, as now, compiled the house was done."

Lawrence's first sensation was of surprise, because he knew he could rely on words. Then came shame with the realization

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RAILROADS ARE MAKING 3 MELFORT

The old direct railway between the various provinces and the Pacific has a through route. There are now four lines of railroads crossing the Pacific, and this line is the most important. It is the most important line in the world, and it is the most important line in the world.

It is the most important line in the world, and it is the most important line in the world. It is the most important line in the world, and it is the most important line in the world.

MELFORT IS THE
Commercial, industrial and
Distributing centre for 7000 square miles of
Canada's best farm lands.

As a world famous railway station in coming days the best seat on the railway of Canada has been built at Melfort. It is the most important line in the world, and it is the most important line in the world. It is the most important line in the world, and it is the most important line in the world.

Paice, Harrison & Millar
303 Keweenaw Building, Winnipeg, Man.

son that he had wronged his father. He tossed his head, and slipped down to his chair.

"An sorry, sir," he said at last. "I beg your pardon. I never should have believed."

"That's all right, my boy, for it is forgotten," said his father quietly.

Then, after a moment in which he studied the young man across the table, usually inattentive to the wife's doings, he said in a low voice, "I have been thinking of you, and I have been thinking of you."

"I have been thinking of you, and I have been thinking of you," said his father. "I have been thinking of you, and I have been thinking of you."

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young, most wonderful woman that ever lived.

"They told me, Larry, that the kind of a broken heart. She, the innocent victim, suffered until she died, and I, with a remorse greater than in the last of any a day, had to go to it alone."

"I wanted you then, Larry, to be at those years, but I could not take the necessary steps. I saw that your refusal to come was a just punishment, and that I must bear to the end and I believed that you never would come except voluntarily."

"I resolved never to tell you what I have just said, for I had been wrong, and I would take what my own alibi and unselfish feelings had brought upon me."

He stopped and again looked at the little object on his desk.

But he resumed it was as a broken old man, his voice broken, his creased attitude pathetic.

"I suppose, now that you cannot get what you want, you will go out of my life as suddenly as you have entered it. I know how you loved your mother, and what you must have thought of me."

"But, my dear boy, your love for her has been as greater than mine in all these years when it has been too late for you are going, go quietly, and don't say good-by," and his head fell forward on the faded arm as the desk.

Larry was moved to never before. He stood hesitatingly to his feet and stood around the table.

As he reached his father's chair he stopped, for from the little object on the desk looked out the sweet, and free of his eyes.

He looked at it a moment, and then his arms went around the bowed shoulders on the desk.

"Don't, dad, don't! I'm never going to say good-by!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Hoping I was you to know my son, Larry," said Mr. Wilson, smiling from his office.

The private secretary gaped, as did the entire office force.

Never had they seen Mr. Wilson like this, a gentle, beaming, happy man.

"I'm glad for the rest of the day," said Mr. Wilson, looking at his watch.

"Let's get out of this stuffy place," said Mr. Wilson, looking at his watch.

"The car's at the curb," his father said, and fifteen minutes later they were entering Lincoln Park.

"What do you know about this Wilson?" said Mr. Wilson, looking at his watch.

"He's a bad one in his personal life," said Mr. Wilson, looking at his watch.

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"He's a bad one in his personal life," said Mr. Wilson, looking at his watch.

"He's a bad one in his personal life," said Mr. Wilson, looking at his watch.

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DOLLAR

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Place _____

Country _____

Day _____



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with their large Circle Waterpans, furnish just the amount of humidity needed to promote health, and at the same time send a flood of warm, pure air into every corner of your home.

You go out of your home that is equipped with a "Good Cheer" Furnace with lungs that are not choked by the dust and dryness of the ordinary heater, and in an optimally fresh air of warm equal to the emergency and humidified and so small warmen which heat the average man every day.

Your health and that of your family and your business interests as well will gain by the installing of a "Good Cheer" Furnace.



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his business, every day. There are ugly stories floating around about him, but no one ever seems able to harm him.

"He has wonderful business ability, although most of his attention is confined to the wheat-pit. He's one of those who started with a shoestring."

"Perhaps I can point him out to you this noon. He is a member of the Union League. I live at the club."

"Did I've got to get that evidence. How will I go about it?" I believe I'll walk into his office and hold him up with a gun."

Mr. Wilson glanced at the determined face of his son and smiled happily.

"You still want to fight that wrong?" he asked.

Lawrence shook his head and answered, not as he prepared when his father asked.

"Are you sure you want him, boy?" "I sure do, dad," he said.

Mr. Wilson was thoughtful for a moment.

As they turned out of the park and headed north along Sheridan Road, he named suddenly in Lawrence and placed a hand on the young man's knee.

"Larry, you and I'll break that fellow and make him beg, and we'll clear Bert of this blackmail."

Lawrence did not speak, but he reached out and took his father's hand and held it. After a minute he said:

"You and I together, dad."

"That's the fellow over to the corner," said Mr. Wilson in the club cars that noon, and Lawrence rose a man as large as himself with black hair, a mustache that curled slightly upward at the ends, a jovial smile on his slightly flared face.

He was talking gaily with a companion, a man whose name, and nothing to his appearance or actions indicated the character Mr. Wilson had described.

A moment later Lawrence looked again. The conversation between Mr. Wilson and his companion evidently had taken a serious turn, and the elder man's smile had vanished.

When the other ceased speaking Mr. Wilson's entire expression changed. His lips curled back from his big, white teeth, his eyes were like those of a angry dog.

Lawrence shivered as he looked at his father.

"That fellow is a fiend, dad," he said. "I'd like to meet him face to face."

The young fellow's hands clenched as he thought of Burns, and again both of us in the past in the corner.

A feeling of hatred more intense than any he had ever known, or even believed to be possible, surged over him.

This story will be continued in the October issue of the Maclean's.

Between Two Thieves

(Continued from page 121)

She rose up, with eyes that shot lightning, through her mouth was swelling, and pointed to the hateful picture that hung above the fireplace, that was full of dead snakes, like her unhappy victim's heart.

"Look at Madame there! Does not she seem as though she laughed at you? You, who would drive Property and Pleasure in double harness—she expect a woman like you—who have drunk with you the best of life—who have given you myself, with all my sorrows and pleasures—be believe as a young girl who goes into Society, with her eyes bandaged, and her own-giving up with cotton-wool. You are not very reasonable, Monsieur!"

"I"—he began stammeringly.

"I'm"—he began stammeringly.

He broke off. For it rushed upon him suddenly an idea, something certainly that said, and so other, was for night-bitter, every-while woman who had lived on Monday on the north and south line stay. The impulse to long ago and was from her confusion, barely overcome him. But he fought it back. For full knowledge must mean revenge, and—"O God!" the poor wretch felt in the depths of his tortured heart: "I cannot live without her, however rich she prove!"

It was strangely, horribly true. He had never been so completely dominated by a woman as when she was still a girl, and the angel's wings had fallen beneath her desperation. He drank her beauty with thirty eyes, and thirsted for more he drank; and did not dare to say, "You have betrayed me!"

As she went on talking, spreading out her hair, pressing the palms of her fingers into the velvet, supple skin of her temples.

"You shall not see drive Property and Pleasure in double harness! Your mother would never that question—but Catherine's courage who drenched her sword for the world, and went back to be current when she was weary of the school. Not that I wish to insult your mother. Quite the contrary. She did not please her, and I also. Ours! I have my best school!"

What a line you have chosen for a scene of epigrams and romanticism!—she, an explanation eludes the air. "We I am going to bed, for I am 'tired, very tired up,' as the Prince says." She kneed the English words with unexpected elaboration, rolling the guttural, and making a disconcerting murmur them. "But for the future no ball, no endless case other better, shall I not, Monsieur?"

"I thought"—he faltered—"I believe"



The Garage described Jan. 1932, p. 123.

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high-chinned lullaby head covered with crimson skull-cap, the sacred symbol hanging by its golden chain upon 2 breast. And as the night of his change came over all those woe-borne, and a delicate pair of white hands came from the great crowd.

The Archbishop said, in a mild and gentle tone, addressing the assembly: "My children, we are not ignorant of the sure of this destruction. You are gathered here to protest, by force necessary, against what truly appears to you a sacrilege of the most flagrant kind—"

In every attentive face there shone upon the instant a glowing halo. A no of most responded (that shattered) leaping columns of the Market Place fountain into a rain of glittering raindrops. Scattered down rose in law from the house, whirling in and under the now-faded sunset sky. The Archbishop went on, in a voice of astounding resonance and power:

"My children, be at peace! No indignity such as you have had reason fear will be offered to the Divine Peace of Our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament, or to the Immaculate Virginity of His Holy Mother!"

He lifted his hand.

"Therefore I say to you, predators of the Eve of the Feast with violence! Do perse without ceasing one after the other, Colonel von Willebrand, do perse with me with the precision of a state of soul condensation. I bid you now go home."

The Archbishop might have been obeyed, but that a lean tall man in eye black, with burning moustache upon a face, pincered, yellow face, leaped upon the bronze balustrade of one of the Monarch's finest fountains, and in a voice that cracked like a brass bell:

"He has scattered money among us and some of you have stooped to get it! For shame! Do you not know whence those scattered coins are taken? Yes I will tell you, for the doory of the Carmelite St. Thérèse du Saint-Projet! From it, from the House of Mercy over the closed doors of the 'protest'! The Treasury of Carmel!" The heart broke the defiled and tainted with contempt and indignation! Do fetch the thief's son with his back Punge the town of them! Kill—"

This story will be continued in the October 1st of this magazine.

The Molsons of Montreal

(Continued from page 7)

My next visitor to Canada, Vincent Molson, who is the Secretary of State for War, by the Molson holds the rank of captain in the 4th Fusiliers Battalion of the Territorial Army, and lives most of his time upon a fine estate on the St. Lawrence. Even as the old party, where dining and wealth run happily together, by Eudine Molson is never as a dignified personality, and she has a natural charm of manner that earns her a popular guest in country some parties.

Mr. Molson really is the development of the type which was presented by John Molson, the Canadian immigrant of 1818. The old man's word was much more to be feared than his sword, and he was a good and just man. The first Lord of it was in old Montreal who used to the servants to bring him left and right from his desk a straight ruler. They had no need to tell him or documents in return for their duty, they knew that one of the last steps John Molson would think about would be to test that out of a ruler. He wanted the best grain, and he paid promptly for the best.

THINGS THAT COUNTED.

In addition to being a straight ruler, the old John Molson had something else in his make-up. No ordinary man, away back in those times you could plan and scheme and think of the future as he did. With the imagination in group mainly the idea of stage production and then his practical ability to go ahead and work out his theories to demonstrate them. With it all he had the great natural vision of possibility in his plans and in his keeping of employees. He is well worthy to be ranked with the old English types of gentlemanly statesmen—Watt and Hargreave and Watkinson.

The Molsons who have followed after the founder of the Canadian family are no reason to be ashamed of their forefathers. The old man set the purest example steadily by fair methods of giving everybody with whom he dealt as honest deal. It is a reputation not many crowned heads, not many kings of France, not many dukes, and the credit of the Molsons is general that they have lived up to the position established by their forefathers. There are a people of many possessions, and all the average middle family in their own class in such things as they can do the Molsons, then the moral world must be a great deal more honestly sound than an outsider even an insider can judge.

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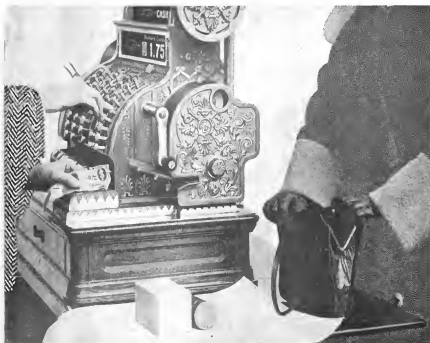
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A Banker and Gladioli

(Continued from page 12)

can be assimilated by the market, even though it takes from five to fifteen years to develop a fresh variety. Wonderful success has attended the introduction of all Mr. Groff's plants, for they have been awarded every gold medal offered in America for gladioli.

The Simcoe banker is in the same class with Luther Burbank. While the latter is experimenting with fruit the former is dealing with flowers and in way his work is just as noteworthy as that of the Californian. But the significant thing is that here one has a business man who must of necessity devote a good many hours every day to the duties of his office, yet who has four times in his leisure hours to carry on his valuable hobby with remarkable results. Surely if there were more hobbyists of the same kind, intent on the development of beautiful things, this world would be a happier place. As it is or needs but visit Simcoe in the month of August to learn how the pastime of a local banker has made his home doubly attractive.

WHITE HEPATICA

BY GERTRUDE M. POTWIN.

I WAS hastening along the shrieking swarming street. I dodged the children, shrank from the terrible voices—shrill and hoarse,—loathed the uncouth actions, the vulgar words, the whole ugly bedlam. "Well for this world," I thought, "if the sordid swarms could be effaced at a single stroke!"

Just then I noticed a little, silent girl seated in a baby-carriage near a doorway. Though poorly clad and belonging evidently to that neighborhood, she was as fair and fresh as the first spring blossom. Her eyes rested on a group of screaming children at play, and her face hovered a heavenly smile. It was a Madonna smile, or that of an infant Christ. The little one saw no stain she heard no jangle. She was aware of no fellow-children in goodly number, children at their sport; she loved the I blessed her for that wonder-sweet smile!

—The Craftsman.